The Nation.

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The Week.

THE amendment of the Tariff Bill reported by the Senate Finance Committee, authorizing the President, at his sole judgment and discretion, to impose duties on imports amounting in the aggregate to upwards of fifty millions of dollars, is one of the most extraordinary proposals of modern times. The terms of the amendment are that raw sugar shall for the present be admitted free of duty—the duties on refined, levied for the protection of the Trust, being left at three-tenths and six-tenths of a cent per pound according to quality—but that "on and after the first day of July, 1891, whenever and so often as the President shall be satisfied that the Government of any country producing and exporting sugars, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides, raw and uncured, or any of such articles, imposes duties or other exactions upon the agricultural or other products of the United States, which, in view of the free introduction of such sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides into the United States, he may deem to be reciprocally unequal and unjust, he shall have the power, and it shall be his duty, to suspend by proclamation to that effect the provisions of this act relating to the free introduction of such sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides, the production of such country, for such time as he shall deem just." Whenever the President shall be of the opinion aforesaid, and shall issue his proclamation as aforesaid, the duties on raw sugar shall be one-half of the present rate, with three-eighths and five-eighths of a cent per pound additional as protection for the Sugar Trust, and on molasses 4 cents per gallon, the duties on coffee shall be 3 cents per pound, on tea 10 cents per pound, and on hides and skins 1½ cents per pound.

Now, what will happen when the duties are clapped on by proclamation? The first thing that will happen will be a tremendous speculation in the necessaries of life. Every holder of sugar in the United States will pocket a cent a pound on his stock, every holder of coffee three cents, of tea ten cents, of hides and skins one-and-a-half cent. Of course some persons will know what is going to happen sooner than others. One of the first men to know it would be Mr. Blaine. If we assume that *he* would scorn to take advantage of such precious knowledge, there are a lot of thrifty politicians clinging to his skirts who are noted for the practice of "casting anchors to windward." It is safe to say that they would be carrying large stocks of tea, coffee, and sugar in such a crisis. At all events, somebody would be carrying them. A more prolific source of corruption has seldom been devised. But that is not the worst feature of the scheme. Far worse is the abdication by Congress of the taxing power which the amendment proposes, and the lodging of it in the hands of the Executive. The Anglo-Saxon race has hitherto been most noted for its zealous watch and ward over the power to go into the pockets of the people. Over this question it has fought through bloody revolutions, cutting off the head of Charles I. in the mother country and casting off the authority of George III. in this—the one for raising ship-money, the other for taxing tea. Are we now travelling backwards? We do not say that liberty is in danger, but we do say that this is a most dangerous precedent, and that Congress ought never to abdicate, or put in commission, the power either to raise ship-money or to tax tea.

For light summer reading we know of nothing in the market just now which can compare with the articles on which the *Tribune* is working itself into a support of Mr. Blaine's new view of foreign trade. There is one nearly every day, and each is in some respect racier than the last, and adds in some degree to the gayety of nations. Tastes, of course, will differ, but the one we prefer for our own perusal is that of Monday, which showed that Blaine, since he denounced foreign trade in 1888, had made "an advance and not a retreat" in now advocating an extension of foreign trade. "His mendacious opponents," or other "unthinking and ignorant" persons, are properly chastised for not knowing that a freer exchange of home for foreign commodities means simply "an extension and broadening of the protective policy," and much more of the same sort—as delightful funning as we ever read. These poor dunderheads, however, are furnished with some excuse by the fact that "Secretary Blaine completely entrapped his political opponents into public approval of his course before they discovered that it was in harmony with Republican policy." We do not think that, under these circumstances, his more stupid supporters can be blamed for not seeing at a glance what the great man was up to. Give them all time, you wicked wag, and they will eventually see through the whole thing. Everybody is not as clever and perspicacious as you.

The lecture which Mr. Whitelaw Reid administers to M. Ribot, touching the French policy towards American pork, is so much in the style of a slashing *Tribune* "editorial," and so little in the style of a diplomatic despatch, that it has doubtless caused a good deal of merriment in the French Foreign Office. But the style is a small matter. The argument is everything, and on one point—the discrimination against American pork exclusively—Mr. Reid apparently has the best of it; but, like his friend and model, Mr. Blaine, he ignores the fact that the United States are the principal pork-exporters of the world, and that the supplies of hog which France gets from other countries are comparatively insignificant. In pork America occupies very much the position towards other countries that England does in coal. Moreover, there is no doctrine so firmly rooted in the mind of that portion of the American public which gets its morals and political economy from the *Tribune*, as that the man who tries to import any protected article is, to the extent of his ability, an enemy of the country into which he tries to import it. New York importers are all treated as such by Congress, the Government, the Custom-house, and the *Tribune*. That the tariff allows them to import at all is a simple concession to the weakness of human nature, and meant to prevent smuggling. All foreign trade being, therefore, strictly speaking, illegitimate, there is nothing to which we can take just objection in the conduct of France in selecting one branch of it with a particular country for total suppression. It has simply prohibited that part of a harmful thing which does most harm, as a piece of domestic policy, to which Mr. Reid has no more right to object than to restrictions on the internal liquor traffic.

One portion of Mr. Reid's despatch deserves special quotation for its unconscious humor and for the way it knocks the pins from under the rest of it. After assuring M. Ribot that the Customs Administrative Bill had been so modified as to allow an appeal to the courts from the decisions of the Custom-house authorities, he says:

> "I deeply regret that that prompt response from the United States has met with no reciprocal act or recognition on the part of the French Government; and that another friendly act—the total removal of the 30 per cent. duty on works of art by the House of Representatives—passed alike unnoticed, until the Senate Committee, seeing no encouragement for steps in this direction, restored the duty."

We doubt if ever before in the history of diplomacy the willingness of a great civilized Power to allow foreigners access to its courts on questions of property was designated a "friendly act" calling for a *quid pro quo*. Such propositions are usually made by African or Asiatic potentates, who say to strangers: "I might cut your head off by executive order, but I am going to allow you a trial, and yet I have not had a word of thanks from you yet, you mutton-head." Mr. Reid's use of the duty on works of art is equally droll. Only barbarous Powers have ever before us imposed duties on foreign works of art. All civilized nations except ourselves treat them as desirable things, to be obtained without let or hindrance by every means in their power—even by purchase, in some cases, by the public treasury. Mr. Reid, however, calmly confesses to a foreign Minister that we have no appreciation of such things ourselves; that, far from admitting them free on our own account, we are only willing to admit them in order to get him to "let up" on our pork, and that, seeing he had no bowels for pork, our Senate has restored the duty. Our effort to bar-

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gain for pork with pictures is, in truth, one of the most laughable as well as disagreeable incidents in the economical history of the Republican party, and Mr. Reid's apparent unconsciousness of the way it strikes the foreigner with whom he is arguing is extremely interesting. We wish M. Ribot, for the fun of the thing, would give Mr. Reid a lecture. The materials are abundant, and M. Ribot is a master both of style and logic.

If Minister Reid, in any further discussion of the pork question with M. Ribot, finds a scarcity of material, we refer him to the speech made a few days ago by Mr. McKinley, who gives a name to this year's tariff legislation, before the Convention which renominated him. Defending the Tariff Bill now before Congress, he said:

"The public meetings which have been held in England, and the exhibitions of temper which have been witnessed in some of its great manufacturing centres and in the parliamentary bodies of other nations, protesting against our proposed Tariff Bill, must have convinced the most ignorant or incredulous that our foreign rivals regard the bill not in the interests of Europe, but in the interests of America. They see nothing in it but a diminution of their American trade and a corresponding gain to our own producers. Of course it does not please other nations, it was not framed after that fashion. The Mills bill did. That is the precise difference. It was not made to please other nations."

There seems to be no use of an American Minister trying to explain away any interpretation of this bill as hostile to the interests of other countries after this plain interpretation of it by its chief sponsor. Mr. Blaine has declared that "there is not a section or line in the entire bill that will open the market for another bushel of wheat or another barrel of pork." There are a good many sections, however, that may close the markets of the world to a good many bushels and pounds of our farm products.

Senator Davis of Minnesota made a speech on the Tariff Bill last week, which was almost as unorthodox from a Republican point of view as any that Senator Plumb has made. Indeed, he followed very closely in the footsteps of Senator Carlisle, who has made a masterly exposure of the tricks of protected cutlery-manufacturers and the sophisms of their Republican defenders. Mr. Carlisle proved conclusively that at least two cutlery-manufacturing firms which had been before the Committee on Ways and Means demanding an increase of duty, on the ground that if it were not granted they would have to go out of business, were in the habit of selling their goods for export at much lower prices than they were selling them in the home market. The only effect of the duty was to enable the manufacturers to make Americans pay a higher price than foreigners for precisely the same goods. Mr. Davis took up the twine item in the Tariff Bill, and showed that its proposed duty of 1¾ cents per pound had been put into the bill in accordance with entirely false statements by twine-manufacturers to the Ways and Means Committee.

Coming from a Republican Senator in good party standing, Mr. Davis's argument in opposition to the twine duty is most instructive. He said that twine should go on the free list out of simple justice to the farmers of the country, and especially of his own State, since it affected the latter alone to the amount of nearly a million dollars a year. The entire business of manufacturing twine, he said, including the sources from which that commodity was supplied, was governed by a combination of all (or substantially all) the manufacturers of cordage and binding twine. That combination controlled absolutely the raw material (sisal, jute, etc.) in the places where it was grown, and also limited the product of the manufactured article and fixed its price. That combination consisted of forty-two manufacturing companies in the United States and seven or nine in Canada. These companies were banded together by the cohesive force of a common interest. They were superior to all law. In the Philippine Islands they limited and controlled the price of one-half of the raw material, and in Yucatan they controlled the other half. They had one man in New York to purchase for them all, and a committee of three to limit the output and to fix the price. They were as far above legislative control as the clouds that floated above the Capitol. They were in no need of protection. They were amply able to protect themselves and to spoliate the world. And yet they came to Congress and said that they would shut up their mills and cease production unless they received the additional protection of 1¾ cents per pound. They were amenable to the law against Trusts. He showed that their profits were 40 per cent. on an aggregate annual output of $10,000,000, or $4,000,000 a year; that the evil had become so unbearable in Minnesota that the State authorities were about to set up machinery in the State prison for the manufacture of binding-twine from flax fibre grown in the State.

The Republican Convention in the Fifth Congressional District of Kansas last week adopted a platform which contains one plank that is of interest all over the country. It is in these words: "That we cordially approve the stand taken by Senator Plumb on financial and economic questions during the present session of Congress, which shows his deep interest in the welfare of all the people of the State, and especially his hearty sympathy with its farmers and laboring men." Senator Plumb is not a candidate for reëlection, and it is most extraordinary for a party convention thus to single out one of the Senators for special commendation. The adoption of such an endorsement under such circumstances shows how strong is the opposition to the high-tariff craze, among the Republicans of the strongest Republican State in the West. Even more significant and important was the special resolution of instructions to the candidate nominated by the Convention. "Resolved," it reads, "that we congratulate our Senators and members of Congress upon their bold and patriotic stand upon financial and business questions of especial importance to the West, *and we bid our nominee enter the halls of Congress untrammelled by any dictate not founded on the original principles of the party, and that he exercise his best judgment on such questions for the benefit of the people.*" This is the second Republican Congressional convention in Kansas within a month to issue such a mandate to its nominee. The Seventh District Republicans by resolution absolved their representative "from dictation of the party caucus upon all economic issues," and "*bid him enter the halls of Congress a free man,* to battle for the material and business interests as well as the moral and political welfare of this great State."

Another Republican State convention has met in a Western State, and refused to say a word in favor of the passage of the Force Bill. This time it was the Republicans of Michigan who adopted a platform which is noteworthy for its entire silence regarding the Lodge Bill. The Republican Senators from Michigan are among those who have successfully opposed the passage of the measure at this session, and the action of the convention of their party on Thursday last shows that there is no disposition to rebuke them for their course. This action is the more important because a bloody-shirt orator who was the temporary presiding officer, had asked the Convention to demand of the Senate the passage of the pending bill, "by a voice so loud and so distinct that there could be no misunderstanding."

The proceedings in the House on Wednesday week sustain the claim that the House is not a deliberative body. A more discreditable spectacle has not been seen in either branch of Congress. The Chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, Mr. Cannon of Illinois, one of the oldest members and most prominent Republicans, assailed a Democratic Representative in language so foul that even the most subservient of Republican organs is forced to substitute stars for the words which he used. A Republican colleague from Illinois, Mr. Mason, became so incensed at Mr. Cannon's conduct that he denounced him as "a —— lying old tramp." Mr. Mason's characterization of Mr. Cannon was heartily endorsed by Mr. Beckwith, a Republican member from New Jersey, and when Mr. Wilson, Republican Representative of the State of Washington, dissented from this view, the two called each other liars and proceeded to blows. The services of the Sergeant-at-Arms were required before the exchange of epithets and blows could be stopped and order restored. It will be observed that all of the participants in these disgraceful scenes were Republicans, and that the rows occurred while the Republican Speaker was himself in the chair. The Democrats, therefore, have no responsibility in the matter, and no question of partisanship can be raised. These new legislative methods are exclusively those of the Republican majority, and there can be no division of praise or blame for them between the two parties.

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When the scheme of admitting Idaho as a State was brought forward in Congress last winter, its opponents urged that the Territory had not nearly the number of inhabitants requisite to entitle it to a member of Congress under the existing apportionment, and that no Territory ought to become a State until its population had reached at least that limit. The advocates of admission were voluble and emphatic in their claims as to the great gain in population during the last few years, but they had no accurate information to present. It was pointed out that a census was to be taken this summer which would clear up all doubts in the matter, and it was urged that the scheme should at least wait until after this count had been made. But the admissionists would not consent to any delay, apparently fearing that the census would be fatal to their claims. Such has proved to be the case, for the Census Office shows by official figures that Idaho has only 84,229 people, and several thousands of these are Indians and Chinese.

The ratio of representation in the House upon the basis of the 1880 census was one to every 151,912 people, and unless the size of the body is to be unduly enlarged, the figures should now rise to one for every 175,000 or 180,000. Even if the existing system be maintained, Idaho has only a trifle more than half the number of people required to entitle her to a member of the House of Representatives, yet she is to have one member of the House, two members of the Senate, and three members of the Electoral College. It is a wrong to the older and larger States of the Union that a small body of men in a new community should be given such grossly disproportional power in the government of the nation. The only consolation is that this discreditable chapter in the history of the country is nearly finished, as there are but few Territories yet awaiting the time when considerations of partisan advantage shall convert them, fit or unfit, into full-fledged States.

That was an extraordinary illustration of the spoils system which was described by a Washington correspondent last week. A letter-carrier in a Western city, with an excellent record, was requested to resign his place, which he naturally refused to do. The Republican Congressman who had sought to get rid of the carrier, because he was a Democrat and the place was wanted for a Republican "worker," then induced the Post-office Department to issue an order for his removal. But the carrier would not give up the fight, and he sent to Washington letters of remonstrance from many of the leading citizens on his route, who declared him well-qualified, efficient, and faithful. The Congressman then made the plea that he wanted the place for a veteran of the civil war, whereupon the carrier produced a petition for his retention signed by 600 old soldiers whose mail he had been carrying for years. Nevertheless, the order for his removal was not revoked, and the papers for the appointment of his successor had been made out when his wife appeared in Washington in his behalf. "She visited the Department, learned the exact state of things in regard to her husband, and at last accounts was chasing the obdurate member of Congress around the city, resolved to convert him with the testimonials she carried with her." The Congressman has already spent probably a hundred dollars' worth of the time which the Government pays him for devoting to the public interests in this disgusting squabble over a petty office, which pays the incumbent only about $2.50 a day, and the end is not yet!

Powderly appears to have entered upon a general war of extermination. He has announced his purpose of fighting to the death with the entire railway system of the United States, beginning with the Vanderbilt roads, and working along gradually to all others. He has also declared war upon the Brotherhood of Railway Engineers, and has called that organization's chief officer, Mr. Arthur, all the hard names that he had on hand after he had finished denouncing Vice-President Webb. He has also expressed a very poor opinion of other labor organizations which failed to come to the aid of the Central strikers, and, as a final stroke of denunciation, has assailed the State Board of Arbitration for being "on horseback in the Adirondacks looking for fish," instead of remaining here and compelling the Central Railway to submit at once to an investigation of the strike, which, according to Powderly, is still so firmly "on" that the road is "effectively tied up." The wisdom of taking all this work upon his shoulders at a time when he has met with the most complete failure of his career, is somewhat questionable, but it is his usual way of showing his "power." Next to his assault upon Mr. Arthur, his denunciation of the Board of Arbitration is the most impolitic thing he has done. Under the law, the Board has discretionary power about conducting such an investigation, and its practice has been to take plenty of time.

One of the oddest contributions to the really large body of literature called forth by the "servant-girl question" is the proposal of Mrs. Francis Darwin, in an English magazine, that the servant-girl, when applying for a situation, should have the same right to ask for references from the mistress that the mistress has to ask them from the servant. For the purpose of meeting this legitimate demand, she suggests that each mistress should name two referees among her former servants who have lived with her within a year. This assumes a judicial mindedness and power of expression on the part of servant-girls which they hardly ever possess, and it assumes, also, that the servant-girls do not already act as references about mistresses for each other. The truth is, that nearly every employer's character, as an employer, is pretty well known to all the servant-girls in the neighborhood. They describe the ways of the people they live with to one another at their Sunday evening conventicles with a minuteness and prolixity which leave nothing to be desired in the way of information about temper, habits, kind and amount of work. It would be a waste of labor for any housekeeper to appoint standing referees, because their judgment would either be superfluous or ineffective, and would, besides this, be highly colored by the reasons of the referee for leaving or staying in the house.

Both parties in Spain are making every exertion to be in readiness for the approaching general election. Sagasta has followed up his somewhat guarded speech to the members of his retiring Cabinet with a more pronounced and positive address to the Liberal committees of Madrid. Universal suffrage, fairly put into operation and carried out to its logical results in the politics of the country, is evidently to be the main plank in the Liberal platform, minor stress being laid on the policy of low tariffs and international reciprocity, trial by jury and military reforms. The Conservatives, on the other hand, squarely declare for high protection, while professing to accept in good faith the new Suffrage Law. Their opponents allege that they are already making an arbitrary use of their power over municipal and university organizations so as unfairly to overcome Liberal majorities. The position of the newly organized Republican party is a curious one. It naturally seeks some sort of an alliance with the Liberals, yet Sagasta can scarcely strike up any open partnership with it, since the Government has served notice on him that if he does come to an understanding with the declared enemies of the monarchy, it will not hesitate to use force to defeat the Liberals. Sagasta replied that he had no intention of doing anything of the kind, unless it should appear that an attempt was being made to block the execution of the Suffrage Law; in such case he would resort to any means to overcome the Conservatives. Thus the little band of Republicans serves as a threat to each of the great parties. A great sensation has been caused by the language used by Cánovas in an interview with a correspondent of the *Temps*. He said that in Spain the Government always obtained a majority in the elections, and was able to put its measures through the Cortes. It was the royal prerogative, and not the will of the people, that determined a change of administration. Since the reign of Alfonso XII. it had been a settled principle to let the Conservatives and Liberals alternate in power every three or four years; and all the agitations of an electoral campaign amount to nothing beside the choice of the sovereign. These somewhat cynical remarks undoubtedly have a large degree of truth in them; but they discover such contempt for the constitutional limitations of the monarchy that they are justly regarded as the utterance of a reactionary, and probably will prove a serious political blunder.

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MR. BLAINE'S NEW DEPARTURE.

We do not think Mr. James G. Blaine has in twenty-eight years of oratory and letter-writing ever made so remarkable a speech as that which he delivered on Friday at Waterville, Me. The personal bearings of it were very curious. It appears that it is to be his one speech of the Maine canvass. He opened by dwelling on the great importance of the approaching State election. He said it "involves in great part the political issues now under discussion in the national field"—meaning, of course, the McKinley Bill and the Force Bill—and that "the decision of Maine would have its due influence on other States, and that decision will be pronounced in the decisions we shall give in our four Congressional districts." He mentioned the name of the candidate in one of these districts, Mr. Milliken, but not one word did he say or allusion did he make to the candidates in the other districts—one of whom is Mr. Thomas B. Reed, the present Speaker and autocrat of the House of Representatives, and we presume we may say the author of the Force Bill and the chief pusher or promoter of the McKinley Bill. This public revelation of his hostility to Reed, and of his indifference to the two great Republican measures of the day, shows how completely alienated he is from the present party managers, and how determined he is to follow a line of his own.

His programme with regard to the tariff was even more interesting than his dismissal of Reed and the Force Bill. For years—that is, ever since 1884 at least—the tariff-reformers have been saying that the great cause of our financial and industrial troubles was that our products had outgrown the home markets; that we must have foreign outlets for them, and that in order to do this we must lower our prices by cheapening production, there being no other way known to traders of attracting buyers in open competition but comparative cheapness. In Mr. Blaine's famous despatch from Paris, he utterly repudiated this idea. He said: "We could not export staple fabrics to Europe unless we could make them cheaper than in Europe," and that we could not make them cheaper without making labor cheaper — something we should not try to do. He said that any channel such as President Cleveland recommended for an increase of exports would "simply succeed in making way for a deluging inflow of fabrics, to the destruction of home industry." He went on to denounce foreign trade and to magnify the importance of our "domestic trade," and said it was this which had "caused the wonderful growth and expansion of the republic," and that it was this "continental trade," which the genuine free-trader cannot comprehend, which "is the great source of our prosperity," and he reproved President Cleveland for proposing a policy that would "admit Europe to a share of this trade." In the speech at Waterville, however, he made the following remarkable admissions:

"In regard to national questions, I wish to declare the opinion that the United States has reached the point where one of its highest duties is to enlarge the area of its foreign trade. Under the beneficent policy of protection we have developed a volume of manufactures which in many departments has overrun the demands of the home market. In the field of agriculture, with the immense propulsion given it by agricultural implements, we can do far more than to produce breadstuffs and provisions for our own people. Nor would it be an ambitious destiny for so great a country as ours to manufacture only what we can consume or to produce only what we can eat. We are already, in many fabrics and in many products, far beyond that, and our great demand is expansion. I mean expansion of trade with countries where we can find profitable exchanges. We are not seeking annexation of territory. Certainly we do not desire it, unless it should come by the volition of peoples who might ask the priceless boon of a place under the flag of the Union. I feel sure that for a long time to come the people of the United States will be wisely content with our present area, and not launch upon any schemes of annexation. At the same time, I think we should be unwisely content if we did not seek to engage in what the younger Pitt so well termed 'the annexation of trade.'"

To this new platform, too, he has carried over the New York *Tribune*, which was silent for a good while after the letter to Mr. Frye, but now takes its stand quietly beside Mr. Blaine on the much-abused Cleveland platform.

We do not make these quotations for the purpose of enclosing Mr. Blaine in the deadly parallel or reproaching him with inconsistency. He has never been enough of an economist to make economical discussions with him very profitable. His speeches and letters on economical topics are valuable mainly as indications of what he—a very shrewd observer—thinks the drift of popular opinion is. He gets his science, in short, from the ballot-box, and cares as little as the late Senator Logan what "the bookmen say" about such things. The result is, that the arguments by which he fortifies his economical positions are sometimes incomprehensible to the professorial mind. He told his audience at Waterville the following extraordinary story about the result of our trade with several countries in 1889:

"We lost $41,000,000 in Cuba, from which our imports were $52,000,000, and to which our exports were only $11,000,000. Forty-one millions is a pretty large sum to lose in one island in a single year. In the Republic of Brazil we lost $51,000,000; our imports from Brazil were $60,000,000; our exports to Brazil were $9,000,000. In Mexico we lost $10,000,000; our imports from Mexico were $21,000,000; our exports to Mexico were $11,000,000. To sum it all up, our imports from the countries south of us, both insular and continental, on this hemisphere were $216,000,000; our exports to them were $74,000,000. The balance against us in our trade with those countries was, therefore, $142,000,000—exceeding our gains from all the rest of the world by $13,000,000. By no figure of speech can we flatter ourselves into the belief that our trade with our American neighbors is in a prosperous condition."

He obtained these noteworthy facts, of course, by comparing our imports from these countries with our exports, on the old "mercantile" plan, and he really means, if he means anything, that some hundreds of Americans kept sending enormous quantities of goods to these countries without receiving any return or going into bankruptcy. Had the facts been as Mr. Blaine states them, of course nearly every American house in the Cuban, Brazilian, and Mexican trade would have failed last year. But there is not a boy in the public schools who ought not to know that this apparent balance of $142,000,000 had to be met somehow, and was met by these houses, either by their profits on their ventures or by drafts on London and Paris, which we exported American commodities to meet.

The plan of reciprocity which Mr. Blaine proposes means simply that we are to take duties off certain foreign commodities in order to make them cheaper to our own people, and the foreigner is to take off duties on our commodities to make them cheaper to his people. The essence of the transaction is cheapness. Cheapness is what promotes trade, no matter what name you give it. You may call it "reciprocity," or anything else you please, and you may get it by treaty, or by a low tariff, or by improved processes or superior industry; but it is cheapness after all which sticks out through every arrangement that brings men together for the exchange of products. Let us be thankful that the fact is at last dawning on the Republican chief that exchange is no robbery, and that a cheap coat does not make a cheap man.

ROMERO ON THE PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS.

No one is better fitted to give a judicial and intelligent opinion of the Pan-American Congress than the Mexican Minister, who was himself one of the leading figures in it; and it is a matter of much public interest that Señor Romero has written an adequate article on the subject, which appears in the current number of the *North American Review*, but has already seen the light in Spanish in a Mexican periodical.

Señor Romero allows himself much liberty in speaking of the proceedings of the Congress, freely referring to events about which an air of great secrecy was maintained at the time, though they were no secrets, after all, to those who were in a position to know what was going on. Indeed, he really adds little to what was before known, though his account will be of great value as confirming beyond all question what might otherwise have been set down as the guesses of newspaper correspondents. It may at once be said that he lends his unimpeachable authority to some of the severest criticisms made in the press upon the management of the Conference by the Department of State. He does this, of course, most courteously, even apologetically at times, but does it, and evidently meant to do it. A great deal of sly humor appears now and then in his explanation of some curious American proceeding.

Referring to the personnel of the United States delegation, he says that "it would, doubtless, have been preferable that they should have been able to speak Spanish, and should have had some knowledge of diplomacy"; but then, he points out, they were nominated in the way usual in filling our higher offices, so that no intentional slight could have been meant to the foreign statesmen who were asked to confer with our wagon-builders and iron-masters. He is also perfectly clear in his allusions to the blunder of putting so offensive a person as Mr. William E. Curtis in close con-

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tact and official relations with the foreigners. In like measure he confirms all that has been alleged of the inadequate preparation for the Congress. The translators and stenographers provided were wholly incompetent. Apart from the question of arbitration, Mr. Blaine had absolutely no programme, and left his delegates wholly uninstructed, his idea appearing to be that instead of a gathering of representatives of several governments, under careful instructions, the Congress was a sort of town meeting where personal views were to be freely ventilated.

Taking up the much-bruited matter of arbitration, the Mexican Minister makes short work of the claims of Mr. Blaine's friends. He says that the Secretary of State submitted a complete draught of a scheme of arbitration, as he would like it, and that the only part of this adopted by the Congress was the preamble. On all the main points, Mr. Blaine had to yield to the foreigners. Even so, Señor Romero thinks, the compact agreed upon will not be ratified by several of the leading countries. Chili will not ratify it, of course; probably the Argentine Republic will not; Mexico's action is highly doubtful; nor will the United States, believes this veteran observer of our politics, agree to a measure which puts this country upon a perfect equality, in all international relations, with the smallest and most unsettled political entity on the hemisphere.

Still more plain-spoken is the Mexican Minister when he takes up the question of closer commercial relations between the United States and the republics to the south. Any idea that the Congress could accomplish a thing in that line was only possible, he says, for one who knew nothing of the political power of protection in this country. To men like himself, who had seen our tariff legislation of the past twenty years at close quarters, and the most inoffensive reciprocity treaties killed sooner or later, it was clear from the first that nothing would be done. Reciprocity is not now possible to the United States, he thinks, under the prevailing conditions, much as Mr. Blaine may exert himself to bring it about in a limited degree. This country has borrowed all its commercial legislation from England, says Señor Romero, and by and by will come to take up, under the stern and increasing pressure of economic laws, with the flouted doctrine of free trade. Until that day, it is folly to talk of enlarging the foreign trade of the United States.

Summing up the whole, Minister Romero puts first among the results of the Congress the indirect one of a better natural understanding and the dissipation of prejudices and suspicions founded on ignorance. Then comes the arbitration measure, which will be highly important if finally ratified. The action, or rather want of action, on the common-coinage project, he considers "a marked step backwards." The other results arrived at, even if they should receive the necessary sanction of the governments concerned, he regards as of slight account.

Señor Romero remarks that those of the foreign delegates who were at the same time Ministers from their respective countries, found themselves considerably embarrassed in the work of the Congress by their diplomatic positions. They could not indulge in that freedom of speech which was open to more unfettered representatives. Certainly the Mexican Minister has cast diplomatic reserve pretty thoroughly aside in this article of his; and its publication, distasteful as it cannot fail to be to the Secretary of State, lends color to the rumor that Señor Romero is about to withdraw from Washington to accept the Treasury Department in the Mexican Cabinet.

THE MISSISSIPPI CONVENTION.

THE Convention which assembled in Jackson a fortnight ago, to frame a new Constitution for the State of Mississippi, is a gathering whose proceedings are full of interest to all students of "the Southern problem." The task which it has assumed is so difficult, and the possible consequences of its action are so important, that the whole nation will watch the course of events with attention.

The object of the Convention has been clearly stated by ex-Gov. Alcorn, who was chosen Executive when the Republicans controlled the State, and who represents the intelligent white Republicans in the present assemblage. "The Convention," he says in a recent letter, "was called with a view of devising some means of putting a check in the text of the Constitution upon ignorance and corruption. The people felt the sting of the North in the continued charge of forcible domination in the South of the ballot-box. The desire to free themselves from this charge, which they felt in some degree to be true, and the wish to devise some means, more in accord with civilization and statesmanship, to save themselves from the impending ruin, led to the calling of the Convention." The necessity for such a check upon ignorance is rapidly increasing, the ex-Governor estimating that the number of negroes brought into the "Delta counties" from other States last winter and spring was fully 30,000, "generally of the most ignorant class."

Ex-Gov. Alcorn shares the feeling of the more conservative whites regarding the blacks, and the fact that he is a Republican in politics will lend weight to his views with many Northern people who would pay no attention to similar opinions expressed by a Southern Democrat. After stating that the Convention organized by electing one of the most conservative public men in the State as President, he says that it has already been made "plain that the business of the Convention will be conducted with the most tender regard for the negro, whose presence among us is held to be by all intelligent men necessary on account of our soil and climate to the development of our agricultural industry, the foundation necessary for the future growth and wealth of our State." As to the attitude of the whites towards the blacks, the ex-Governor says further: "We wish to control the negro for our own welfare as well as his. We expend large sums for the education of his children. This we are forced to do, that the negro may be contented among us, and thus you will see that we must, if we would advance our agricultural interest, cultivate the most kindly relations with the negro. That we would deprive him of his vote, if the question was left to us alone, there is no doubt. He is not regarded capable of self-government by the body of our people."

The first important question before the Convention was as to the scope of its powers. When Mississippi was readmitted into the Union, Congress imposed the condition that its Constitution should "never be so amended or changed as to deprive any citizen or class of citizens of the United States of the right to vote who are entitled to vote by the Constitution herein recognized, except as a punishment for such crimes as are felonies at common law, whereof they shall have been duly convicted under laws equally applicable to all the inhabitants of said State." Of course, if this condition remains binding, the Convention's hands are tied, as the present Constitution forbids an educational or property test for the suffrage. The question was therefore referred to the Judiciary Committee, which has made a unanimous report to the effect that no action of Congress can deprive one State of the equality with the other States which it enjoys under the Federal Constitution. The report was prepared by Judge Simrall, who was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court under Republican rule, and its argument is unanswerable. Its basis is the impregnable position that "there can hardly be a conception of unequal States in the Union," which would be the case if it were held that Mississippi may not impose an educational qualification upon the suffrage, while New York may.

The chief committee is that on the elective franchise, which has thirty-five members, among them being the only negro in the Convention. All sorts of propositions have been referred to it, some of them too ridiculous to deserve any notice. Two schemes are pushed seriously. One seeks to give the white counties of the State, which contain much less than half the people, control of the Legislature by a cunning system of apportionment, as in Connecticut the populous cities and towns which elect Democratic members are outvoted by the representatives of small Republican towns. The other plan would put the whites in a majority of the voters by establishing an educational or property qualification for the suffrage, which would bar out the greater part of the blacks. One great difficulty about the first scheme has been that the white politicians in the black counties did not take kindly to the idea of losing their present relative strength in the Legislature, although their consent is reported to have been secured to an apportionment which on the color-line gives the white counties a majority of nine in the Senate and twenty in the House.

A sub-committee of the Franchise Committee has reported to the full committee a scheme for restricting the suffrage which proposes that, in order to vote, a man must

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be able to read any article of the State Constitution, or "be able to understand the same when read to him"; or own property of the assessed value of $200—soldiers of either the Federal or Confederate army who served honorably during the war being exempt from each of these requirements. This is an exceedingly ingenious plan. In the first place, it avoids the danger of trouble with "the soldier vote," which would be threatened by an educational or property test which many a brave, but ignorant and poor, ex-Confederate veteran could not stand. In the second place, it obviates the objection among the whites to a rigorous requirement of ability to read, by the alternative proposition that a man may vote who can understand the Constitution when read to him. In the third place, it would enable the boards which should pass upon suffrage qualifications to keep out most of the blacks who could not read the Constitution by deciding that they did not understand it, and at the same time let in almost every illiterate white. The Naturalization Law vests with a United States judge the power to declare a foreigner a citizen if it shall be made to appear to the satisfaction of the Court that, during his five years' residence in this country, "he has behaved as a man of good moral character, attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States, and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same." It is said of a certain Federal judge in New England, who has always been a strong partisan, that he was never known to find a foreigner vouched for by a Republican manager lacking in the qualifications for citizenship, while he is apt to discover some lack of attachment to the principles of the Constitution in the protégé of a Democrat. Doubtless the white officials of Mississippi would find it equally easy to make distinctions in using a discretionary power—though the ignorant negro would always have this power of redress, that he could learn to read if he was rejected for not understanding what was read to him.

A striking proof of the depth of feeling on this question of restricting the ignorant negro vote is afforded by the favorable reception given a woman-suffrage proposition. The movement to allow women to vote has never gained any strength anywhere in the South, and suggestions of that sort have always been denounced as worthy only of "cranks." But the other day a delegate offered a resolution giving the right to vote to every woman who owns (or whose husband, if she is married, owns) $300 worth of real estate, the vote to be cast by a male elector authorized in writing by the woman so to cast it. As scarcely any black women would be able to exercise the suffrage, it is estimated that such a scheme would add about 35,000 to the white men's votes, and the hope of such a gain has caused a large proportion of the delegates to regard the suggestion with patience, if not with approval, although, but for the race problem, it is not likely that half-a-dozen men would lend the slightest favor to the idea of woman suffrage in any form. The Suffrage Committee has since agreed, by 17 to 11, in favor of woman suffrage, on the basis of a property qualification of $400 worth of property in addition to the qualifications for male voters.

The Convention seems disposed to act with great deliberation, and it is expected that its sessions will last through September. Everything which has happened thus far indicates that the delegates appreciate the difficulties of the problem which they are trying to solve, and that they are most anxious to avoid any false step.

RAILROAD DISCIPLINE.

MR. CHAPPELL, the General Manager of the Chicago stock-yards, is reported as having said last week, apropos of the switchmen's strike then pending there:

> "There can be but one end to this strike, and we are glad that it has been precipitated. Our men have gradually gained power until they are insolent and wholly undisciplined. We have endeavored often to get rid of them, to free ourselves from their clutches, but without result. The public safety demands the discipline of railway employees, and we can't have it with these men. Therefore we are glad to be rid of them."

This was true also of the originators of the strike on the New York Central. It must be true of every railroad and every large organization of men in which faithful, prompt, and efficient service has to be rendered, until human nature undergoes some great and indeed radical change. It is as true now as it was eighteen hundred years ago that no man can serve two masters. No soldier, or sailor, or railroad employee, or telegraph operator ever has done, or ever will do, his work with care and fidelity, day in and day out, if there be in existence a power or agency which he relies on to protect him against the consequences of laziness, negligence, or insubordination, and to enable him to set at naught or slight the lawful orders of his superior officer. No body of men, we care not who or what they are, college professors or hod-carriers, can, if they belong to an organization, escape the necessity of the kind of discipline which consists in responsibility to some one authority capable of inflicting penalties in case of neglect of duty. There may come a time when the enforcement of coöperation through discipline will not be necessary in the work of administration, but it is a time as yet indefinitely remote.

We fear there is hardly a railroad, in the Northern States at least, which has not, during the past two or three years, suffered in some degree from the more or less successful attempts of the Knights of Labor to set up among the employees an *imperium in imperio*—that is, to create among them an agency which may relieve them from the necessity of pleasing their superior officers in the manner of doing their duty. We believe, if the truth were known, it would be found that long before these late strikes occurred, or were threatened even, the mere existence of Knights of Labor among the working force had impaired the service on more than one road, owing to the natural reluctance of the managers to bring on a collision with the "noble and holy order" sooner than was absolutely necessary.

A great deal of excuse for this reluctance is, of course, to be found in the loss to the road and the inconvenience to the community which any strike that stops trains even for a day is sure to cause. Railroad managers are after all but men, and shrink from hardship and annoyance just as other people do, a fact of human nature on which all the shirks and rogues in the world rely a good deal. They therefore let the windbags and "sea lawyers" who do the work of recruiting for the Knights, go a good way for a long while before they interfere. In the meantime, although there may be no open display of insubordination, a state of mind is produced among the employees very much like that of a man who is handling other people's money without having to render any account—that is, a condition of carelessness and indifference which inevitably affects the way in which duties are performed. Every Knight, no matter what his general character may be, feels, in spite of himself, a considerable decrease in his respect for the rules and regulations of the road when he believes that, if he incurs the distrust of his superiors, his "order" will save him from dismissal. There is nothing very depraved about this. It is human nature, and it is sure to show itself in a man's manner of performing his duties, and first and foremost in producing that happy-go-lucky spirit which is the great curse and danger of railroad administration.

It was this spirit which led to the frightful accident on the Old Colony Road the other day. We have no positive knowledge as to the extent to which the Knights have ravaged that road, but we say with perfect confidence that the foreman's continuing to fiddle with the rails, without flagging the express train which he knew was due, was one of the marks of the Knightly state of mind. It is a state of mind which American trades-unions, under their present deplorable management, have produced in nearly every field of industry. Their influence has thus far, whatever it may have done to raise wages, been hostile to good and faithful work and to the sense of responsibility. Private employers have to contend with this as best they can, but railroad managers cannot afford to trifle with the Knightly spirit in the smallest degree. They owe it to the public to deal with it promptly wherever it shows itself. They have no more right to allow the existence of a divided responsibility among their employees than the colonel of a regiment in active service would have. Any man who is known to be bound to drop his work at the bidding of a third party is not fit for railroad service, and there ought to be no squeamishness about making this rule known and acting on it. Mr. Webb is reported to have said that the New York Central does not care or inquire whether its employees belong to a union or not. But it ought to care. It ought to see to it that no man whom it intrusts with the care of life and property in its line owes any obedience of any nature, as regards his official work, to outsiders, and least of all to persons who make money by getting up strikes. For Mr. Webb

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really commands what is to all intents and purposes a military division which is constantly in the presence of the enemy. There is no soldierly quality which is not every hour of every day and night called into activity in the discharge of a railroad man's duty—courage, fidelity, obedience, exactness, indifference to hunger, to fatigue, and to weather. Nature, that tremendous enemy of art, is hostile to railroad transportation, and watches with a more than lynx-eyed vigilance for the slightest mistake or shortcoming, and punishes it with a remorselessness now never shown in human warfare. A blathering, mutinous "Knight" is, therefore, as much out of place driving an engine, or tending a switch, or watching a bridge or curve, as he would be on outpost duty in the presence of an army of Apaches with hundreds of women and children under his care.

LABOR FACTS AND FANCIES.

THE Report on the Statistics of Labor in Massachusetts for 1889 consists in great part of matter already published in advance bulletins, and noticed in these columns. There is added, however, an index to all the reports of this Bureau, twenty in number, which, as some of them contain statistics of permanent value, will prove serviceable. We have also a computation of the ordinary length of the work-day in a large number of establishments, from which it appears that ten hours is not far from the standard, although the tendency may be towards a lower limit. The figures relating to the employment of women in productive industries show that the proportion of laborers of the female sex is gradually increasing. They do not "show conclusively," as the compiler supposes, "that the presence of woman in industry has not decreased the number of births or marriages, nor increased the number of deaths." This conclusion is supposed to follow from the fact that "fifty cities and towns having large percentages of women at work, with 64.39 per cent. of the total population, had 69.99 per cent. of the total number of births, 69.18 per cent. of the whole number of marriages, and but 63.53 per cent. of the total number of deaths." The reasoning is vitiated by the disregard of immigration as a factor.

It is to be regretted that the persons employed by our Government to collect facts of this description should feel it incumbent upon them to express their views upon the problems of political economy, a task for which their education has seldom prepared them. Thus the first sentence in the report before us contains the statement that production involves two elements—labor and capital—a statement that could hardly have been made by any one acquainted with the elements of political economy. The subsequent observation, that the proper adjustment of a protective tariff cannot be made without evidence respecting the "labor element," reveals a degree of innocence as to the method by which the "adjustment" of duties is effected that is almost childlike. It is not easy to see how the elaborate tables showing the relation of wages to total expenses in a vast number of industries are intended to be utilized for adjusting the tariff or for any other purpose. In some industries wages are 2 per cent. and materials 98, in others wages are 90 and materials 10 per cent., and there is scarcely any material that does not go through many processes before it reaches the consumer. As to where we may find "a current political economy" that "has constantly taught that only as wages fell could profits rise," no information is vouchsafed. The true theory, it is intimated, is that the demand for products increases as "social wants" increase; so that in order to enjoy plenty it is only necessary to want it. It follows that higher wages and shorter working time, as they raise the standard of living, must increase profits. To clarify this argument, it is only necessary to inquire whether the "social wants" are sufficiently intense to dispose men to work in order to gratify them. If not, the demand for products created by such wants would not be very effective.

The corresponding report for the State of New York is a much less ambitious and more practical document. Those acquainted with the political movements in this State will, of course, understand what interests Gov. Hill would aim to propitiate in the selection of a Commissioner of Labor Statistics, and the necessity under which this officer stands of not being lukewarm in his expressions of sympathy with the trade-unions. As these monopolies are hostile and often injurious to the great majority of laborers who are outside of them, it is scarcely becoming an officer representing the whole community to manifest a bias in their favor. We must say, however, that this bias is, under the circumstances, not displayed to an unreasonable degree, and that the Commissioner has shown a creditable appreciation of the scope of his office. He has confined himself to a single subject, "a résumé and tabulation of the strikes, lockouts, and boycotts for the five years 1885–'89, in their various forms of manifestation, with causes, results, and costs, to both employers and employed." Of over 9,000 strikes in these years, he computes that nearly two-thirds were successful, including herein those that were compromised. It seems, however, that of some 340,000 persons involved, only about 67,000 secured increased wages. Wages lost amounted to $8,000,000, other losses to employees were $6,300,000. Against this is to be set the gain in wages, which, if maintained through five years, would be $18,600,000. The losses of employers are computed at over $4,000,000, but it does not appear that account is taken of interest on capital. It is gratifying to observe that the loss from destruction of goods and machinery by strikers is not very great, being some $370,000, of which $180,000 is charged to 'longshoremen, $78,000 to employees of car companies (probably horse-car lines), and $50,000 to those of sugar-houses. The number of arrests for disorders connected with strikes was 529. Upon the whole, these industrial wars must be said to be conducted in a peaceable manner. It is instructive to compare the theory of the compiler of this report, that an increase in wages of "an extra quarter or half-dollar per day is not much to the employer, who can fall back on his customers or on society at large," with the position of the Massachusetts Commissioner, that the receivers of wages constitute the customers or society at large. If the increased profits expected by the latter authority to arise from higher wages are really derived from higher prices paid by workmen for the goods they consume, the last state of "Labor" may be worse than its first.

The report of the New Jersey Bureau of Labor deserves commendation. It contains reprints of Dr. Ogle's tables of mortality in different occupations, of the Factory Acts of England and Switzerland, and of acts relating to industrial coöperation in England and this country, as well as the "Labor Laws" passed this year in New Jersey. There is also a summary of the mortgage indebtedness in New Jersey for a term of years, and of the executions in foreclosure, which it may be instructive hereafter to compare with the results obtained by the United States Census Bureau. About all that is to be learned from it is that more mortgages are made in times of brisk business, and more foreclosed when business is dull. But the report also contains a series of tables showing the common duration of life in the occupations of glassblowing, pottery, and hatmaking, which appear to be the result of an inquiry conducted in a truly scientific manner. Little can be learned from the mean age at death of men in different employments, as this does not indicate the age at which the employment is entered upon or the number that have quitted it before death. Accordingly, the Bureau instituted a detailed investigation covering the industries above specified, and embracing the cases of 4,739 workmen. In every case information was sought as to the age at which work was begun, present age, age at which powers of work were impaired or ceased, and the total number of years actually at work. The tables are of a character to furnish a basis for valuable generalizations, for no knowledge can be of more importance to a young workman than that of the comparative healthfulness of various employments. We cannot undertake to present the results attained, but we commend the example of this Bureau to those of other States as pointing out a direction in which they may render a genuine service to working people. It is probably true, as Adam Smith said, that human optimism prevents wages in dangerous employments from being so high as they should be, and the diffusion of knowledge that may correct this hopefulness is much to be desired.

THE RUINS OF CASAS GRANDES.—II.

SANTA FÉ, August 1, 1890.

THERE are also ruins on the opposite side of the river, but some distance from the main cluster. The Casas Grandes proper are the remains, as already stated, of a group of houses huddled together on the west bank, dominating the course of the stream for three miles about, up

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and down, and similar to the other ruins scattered along the river. But it was a larger settlement, and is in a better state of preservation. Was it a sort of "capital" for all the others, or perhaps the last refuge of the population previous to its dispersion, annihilation, or exodus? It is very difficult to decide in favor of either of these surmises. There is, however, one point which deserves careful attention. About three miles west of the ruins rises the Cerro de Montezuma, a steep and bald mountain, at least 2,000 feet higher than the valley. It is reckoned that three leagues (eight miles and a fraction) equal the distance from the ruins to its top. That top is the culminating point of a sharp ridge or narrow "hog-back," with precipitous sides to the west, in some places. On that top, whence a surprising view is enjoyed in every direction, stands an ancient circular watch-tower. Its walls, at least two feet thick, are of thin plates of stone. A wall, now crumbling, surrounds it. Inside there appear at least four small compartments. From this watch-tower, as from a central point, well-beaten trails descend the sides of the mountain in every direction: towards the east, to the main ruins; to the north and northeast; to the west, where the villages lie on the Rio de Piedras Verdes; and to the southwest and south, towards the ruins on the Rio de Palanganas. It looks as if this watch-tower had been erected and maintained for the mutual benefit of the settlements mentioned; as if, therefore, these or a number of them had been flourishing at the same time, and as if a common bond had existed between the larger cluster at Casas Grandes and the smaller ones on either side of the Cerro de Montezuma. I must add that on the crest of that mountain, but below the tower stands a large ruined house after the type of those of Casas Grandes. That house is protected on the side towards the east by a massive and remarkably well-constructed wall of stones. Whether this building was coeval or not with the main cluster at the foot of the mountain, it is of course impossible at present to determine.

Admirably fitted for a centre of subsistence on a small scale, the region of Casas Grandes could not fail to attract all tribes that drifted within grasp of its superior natural advantages. It did not so much allure the aborigines to roam over its tracts as to settle on them. Its surroundings are not inviting to the marauding savage except in the west, where the eastern branch of the Sierra Madre (called Sierra de la Madera de Casas Grandes) rises like an unbroken wall clad in sombre green. There he found profusion of game, abundance of limpid brooks and streams, majestic pine forests, and innumerable lurking places. There, for nearly two hundred years, the Apaches had their favorite lairs, harassing the Spaniards to such a degree that twice the latter almost completely abandoned the valleys of Casas Grandes and San Buenaventura. Since the year 1884, in consequence of the late Gen. George Crook's remarkable armed peace mission into the heart of the Sierra Madre, those angels of devastation have been obliged to forsake that splendid region and to leave Sonora and Chihuahua in peace.

I penetrated into the heart of the Sierra Madre thrice in the spring of 1884. It was still dangerous. But although I was unarmed and had only one or at most two Indian guides, we never suffered any molestation. The Apaches were near, but showed themselves not; certainly not out of fear, but they were then on the move to the Arizona Reservation, and any hostile demonstration with as little returns as our persons would have yielded would have been imprudent on their part. So I was permitted to explore and enjoy a considerable portion of these magnificent solitudes, and to investigate the numerous remains of ancient Indian abodes which they contain. A broad plain separates the former hacienda of San Diego, where the Casas Grandes River is formed, from the eastern front of the Sierra Madre. This plain, about ten miles wide, was alive with antelopes. At the foot of the mountains aboriginal ruins appeared again, recalling isolated houses of clay peculiar to the Casas Grandes valleys. Little garden plots, indicated by rows of upright stones, extend on both sides of the Arroyo de San Diego, which here runs out into the plain, soon to disappear in its barren sandy soil. The ascent through the gorge called Puerto de San Diego is picturesque and grand. A strong vegetation crowds the bases of cliffs; thickets of oak, cedar, and pine alternate with plants and shrubs of a more southern flora. Towards the east the view expands unbounded. Far beyond San Diego it stretches, white and dazzling. The higher we climb the more rugged becomes the scenery, the cooler the air. At last we enter a forest of stately pines, on the first ridge of the Sierra Madre.

It is a great relief, after having for months lived in the hot and dusty valleys, in the glare of a scorching sun, to stroll in deep shade, and to breathe the fresh atmosphere of the mountains. The forest is silent in the evening, but the next morning we are awakened by the chattering of the green parrots in the tree-tops. Narrow valleys, with tall grass and clear brooks, separate the ridges of pine timber. Flocks of turkeys are seen. Deer make their appearance in close proximity to man; they fix upon him the gaze of their lustrous eyes and saunter off leisurely. We meet the vestiges of huts which the Apaches occupied only a few months ago. Following the Arroyo de los Pilares, we turn into a gorge from which the Arroyo del Nombre de Dios descends. Magnificent pines rise along its banks. Through the array of portly trunks we perceive cliffs, strangely eroded, gigantic pillars, lining the gorge on the south. Numberless small caves open in these rocks. At one place, however, the cavern is quite extensive, and it shelters a small ruined village. Nothing distinguishes this "cave-pueblo" from other ones in the north except the material of which the partition walls are built, and the potsherds, which bear the type of the Sierra Madre and Casas Grandes pottery in general. Such cave homes are found everywhere in the great mountain chain, where the formation is favorable to their construction. Who their builders were we do not know. An old church-book of the parish of Bacadéhuachi in Sonora conveys the information that as late as 1655 the Jesuit missionaries were wont to administer the sacraments to Opata Indians living in caves, where the "enemy" used to surprise and kill or mortally wound them. The Tarahumares of southwestern Chihuahua were cave-dwellers in the seventeenth century, and many of them are cave-dwellers to-day. The different types of architecture in the southwest do not correspond to distinct "stocks," still less to "races." There was no "race" or "stock" of "cliff-dwellers" or "cave-people." The Indian always yielded to the obstacles and inducements offered by nature, changing his style of abode according to circumstances. The Tehuas of Santa Clara (in New Mexico) at one time made the caves of the Puyé, burrowing out of the friable rock a whole village of grottoes. As soon as drought and decay made the place untenable, they again built pueblos in the open air as before. The Queres tell a similar story. It is therefore unsafe to speculate who the inhabitants of the cave-villages in the Sierra Madre were, and at what times they may have occupied their troglodyte homes. It is as much a mystery as the name of the tribe who built the Casas Grandes or the other pueblos scattered along the course of the river of that name on the high plain of Carretas and at the Vadito between it and Janos.

Documentary information in regard to Casas Grandes goes back to 1660. The place seems to have been discovered by a Franciscan missionary, Fray Pedro de Aparicio, who found the valley held by a tribe which he called Sumas. They were friendly, and received him with kindness. But his health soon began to fail and he died, to the sincere regret of the Indians. Sumas also lived at Carretas, and near El Paso del Norte. They and their neighbors, the Janos and Jocomes, were enemies of the Opatas of Sonora, and during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the history of the Jesuit missions is one sad tale of woe caused by the incursions of these tribes upon Sonoran territory.

The earliest account concerning the Sumas of Casas Grandes represents them as Indians with sedentary inclinations, and not very ferocious. The Sumas around El Paso, on the other hand, always belonged to the most dangerous class of nomads. Strenuous efforts were made to settle them, but with very poor results. This contrast between two branches of one and the same stock is significant, though not easily explained. Which were the primitive branch—the village Indians of Casas Grandes and Janos, or the nomads of El Paso? I believe the former. Still, this is a mere suggestion. What causes me to think that the sedentary branch might have been the original stock is, first, their greater numbers, and, secondly, the analogy with the case of the great Apache stock, of which the half-sedentary Navajos form the bulk, whereas the Apaches proper are but outlying bands who have become nomadic through force of circumstances. Certain it seems that the Sumas were not the builders of Casas Grandes. When Fray Pedro de Aparicio went thither, he found them in possession of the valley, but we have as yet no record of any tradition among them touching the origin of the Great Houses. According to the custom of the times, the Spaniards afterwards attached the Montezuma lore to the ruins. The mysterious remains of Indian antiquity became "palaces of Montezuma," or one of the "stations" where the Mexican tribes rested on their supposed peregrination from north to south. This manufactured lore has clung to Casas Grandes ever since, although there is no more foundation for it than for a "Montezuma legend" among the pueblos of Mexico. The name and fame of the unlucky war chief of the Nahuatl Confederacy in the valley of Mexico flitted to the north in the wake of Spanish discovery and colonization. It settled, like an unsteady fog-cloud, everywhere that vestiges of antiquity attracted attention, without offering also a clue to their makers. In 1726, the Brigadier Don Pedro de Rivera gravely tells us, of Casas Grandes, that the edifices are of hewn stone; that when the ancient Mexicans migrated towards the central plateaux, Montezuma built these "palaces," and that the number of his followers was 600,000. In 1737, Fray Francisco de Arlegui almost textually copied Rivera, extolling the great architectural skill and beauty of the buildings. Subsequent writers did the same, and it was left to John Russell Bartlett to give

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us the first unexaggerated description of the ruins. In his 'Personal Narrative' the reader will find a sober and careful account of Casas Grandes, accompanied by excellent drawings.

After the death of Fray Pedro de Aparicio the valley of Casas Grandes began to attract the attention of Spanish settlers. A number of them established themselves there and at San Buenaventura, and by 1680 the district was producing good wheat, cattle, and horses. It is well known that, when Governor Otermin retreated from Santa Fé to El Paso with the remnants of the Spanish colonists driven out of New Mexico by the Pueblo Indians, the supplies that saved his famished people were furnished by the settlers of Casas Grandes. That valley was much more prosperous than El Paso del Norte. But the war-cloud rising in the north spread into Chihuahua and Sonora, and the Sumas, Janos, and Jocomes joined hands with the Apaches, who were then hovering along the confines of Chihuahua. In the fall of 1684 a secret conclave of all these and more southerly tribes met at Casas Grandes. A general uprising against the Spaniards was planned and partly carried out. The incursions of the Apaches continued thereafter uninterrupted, and they so harassed the ill-protected settlers that forty years later the place was deserted. The Church of San Antonio, the walls of which are still standing one mile north of the present village, was abandoned. The Sumas scattered, the Janos and Jocomes merged into the Apaches. The latter became the terror of Chihuahua. For one hundred and sixty years they held the Sierra Madre and devastated the valleys at its feet. Casas Grandes was settled again, but the present dilapidated condition of the village, the timid and indolent manner of its inhabitants, are the products of a long period of daily perils and of utter hopelessness.

As in New Mexico, so in Chihuahua, the feeling of helplessness has created what we are sometimes too prone to ascribe to natural faults of character or to a lack of education. The latter, of course, has been a factor also, for in the Southwest education had become almost impossible. Spain was no longer able to protect provinces so distant and of such difficult access. The Church lacked means and power to continue its work with the necessary vigor. Not unfrequently, also, the local authorities directly opposed its efforts. The Indians relapsed into their original condition, to their own detriment. The tale of the Southwest in the past and present century is a sad tale—one of superhuman efforts (principally by the Church) under the most disheartening circumstances. The modern history, also, of Casas Grandes is deeply stained with blood. For four years peace has reigned at last. The beautiful interior of the Sierra Madre becomes accessible. Casas Grandes is no longer a dangerous point. With the general progress now going on in new Mexico, we may expect its archæological features soon to become the object of research under the patronage of the Mexican Government.

AD. F. BANDELIER.

MLLE. CLAIRON.

PARIS, August 19, 1890.

I AM not, I confess, a great admirer of the novels of the brothers Goncourt, though I am ready to own that they have been among the initiators of the modern school of realism, and that they have a certain sincerity, a power of observation, which are not without a morbid charm. The Goncourts (you see it in their Journal) evidently thought themselves prophets in the literary world. Edmund de Goncourt, who survives, probably would tell you, in a moment of introspection and of melancholy, that he has been unjustly treated by his contemporaries, that Flaubert proceeds from him, as well as all the modern realists—Zola, Maupassant, Bourget, and *tutti quanti*. One thing cannot be denied: the Goncourts, perhaps, were not the sole inventors of realism and naturalism, but they undoubtedly had a very eminent part in what might almost be called the rediscovery of the eighteenth century, especially of the charming French art which was in favor before the French Revolution, and which the Revolution, with its Romans and Greeks and its school of David, had completely extinguished and condemned for many years to oblivion.

The Goncourts were addicted from their youth to what we call bric-à-brac; they were born collectors, and they did not allow anybody to inspire them—they simply collected what pleased them, and, led by their instinct, they laid their hands on all the remains of that epoch which preceded the Revolution, and which was marked by a very peculiar grace in every branch of art—furniture, bronzes, drawings, engravings, pictures, sculpture, even dress. With a degree of curiosity and of minuteness which, in such matters, becomes invaluable, they became acquainted with the smallest details of the artists of that period. They soon understood that the artistic development of the time was connected with the social life, and they studied this social life, sometimes at court, sometimes in private circles, sometimes on the stage. The 'Actresses of the Eighteenth Century' forms a series in which Goncourt means to give the biographies of Mlle. Lecouvreur, Mlle. Clairon, Sophie Arnould, Mme. Saint-Huberti, Camargo, La Guimard, Mlle. Contat, Mlle. Favart.

I have before me the volume on Mlle. Clairon, composed from her own correspondence and the police reports of the day. Clairon was one of the greatest actresses of her time; she introduced realism on the stage, and abandoned the pompous, artificial, majestic, and false manner of her predecessors. Claire-Joseèphe Legris was born on the 25th of January, 1723, at Condé, a small city of Hainaut, one of the sentinels of France on its northern frontiers, fortified by Vauban, in the midst of marshes—a dark little town on the Scheldt. She was the illegitimate child of a seamstress and a sergeant. At the age of twelve she came to Paris with her mother, a brutal woman, who abused her; she had no other education than that of the street. Sometimes she was taken to the play, and, coming back home, she would imitate all the actors and actresses, and repeat much of what she had heard. She would not work with her hands; she was a born actress, and no vocation was ever more decided.

She made her début, at the age of fourteen, in a company which went to Rouen; she took her mother with her. Sometimes the company went to Caen, sometimes to Havre. There appeared at the time a book (which has become very rare), 'Histoire de Mademoiselle Cronel, dite Frétillon, actrice de la Comédie de Rouen, écrite par elle-même.' It was a satire on young Claire, already called Clairon, and the story of her love affairs with a number of people. This pamphlet has been attributed to various persons, to the Comte de Caylus among the number. Goncourt thinks it is the work of a certain Gaillard, who kept a marionette theatre in Rouen.

The police reports of Lille, where the company went afterwards, represent Clairon as being at the same moment the mistress of the colonel, the lieutenant-colonel, and another officer of the Royal-Walloon Regiment. She went in another company to Ghent, where she was courted by Marlborough; finally she came to Paris, and made the acquaintance of the famous La Popelinière, and her début at the Opéra in the character of *Venus*. From that hour, we find her living in the highest society of Paris—meaning the men: the Vintimilles, the Rochechouarts, the Dillons, the Custines, the Lorges, the Duc d'Antin, the Prince de Soubise, the Duke of Luxembourg—their name is legion.

From the Opéra, Clairon went to the Comédie-Française, and there she revealed herself as a great tragedian. Nothing, alas, remains of the sensations produced by the tragic genius. *Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?* as Villon says. Can words well describe the acting of Rachel as I saw it in "Horace" and in "Phèdre"; the acting of Sarah Bernhardt as I have seen it in "Hernani," "Phèdre," "Andromaque," before she undertook to play for the millions, and while she reserved herself for a happy few? You may as well attempt to paint the delicate hue of a rose, or the smile of a child, or the charm of a young and handsome face, with cold words and dry periods. When we speak of such women as Clairon we feel that we cannot do justice to them. Goncourt must content himself with giving us the names of all the plays in which she appeared; he enlivens his story by adding the history of all her quarrels with her rivals, with the actors, with her lovers—a very disagreeable story, on the whole, and one which shows well that we must never go too near our theatrical idols. *Major a longinquo reverentia.* Of all the little worlds which divide the great world, there is none so contemptible as the theatrical world; with a few exceptions, the men and women who live before the public and for the public are eaten up with vanity and jealousy.

Clairon, with all her genius, was no exception in this respect; she was the worst *camarade* that can be imagined, the most disobedient and unruly member of her company. She was once sent to Fort l'Évêque, which was the prison for actors and actresses, but she did not remain long in it, and her deliverance became the great event of the day. She gave herself out as the representative of the dignity and the rights of the theatrical world, enlisted Voltaire on her side, and became the tragedy queen of the philosophers. Choiseul, the minister to whom she one day made complaints, said to her: "Madame, we are both of us on a stage, but with this difference, that you choose the parts which suit you, and are always sure to be applauded by the public."

Clairon left the Comédie-Française after one of her quarrels, but she did not consent to be forgotten; she played occasionally at the theatres of some of her great friends. She had become the friend of M. de Valbelle, and their liaison lasted nineteen years. Valbelle was very wealthy, but was always in debt, and the great tragedian had often to help him out of his difficulties. She had adopted a young actor named Larive, for whom she felt a sort of motherly passion, and her letters to him are very singular instances of the complexity of the feminine heart. All her letters are clever, well written, sometimes with originality; she was obviously very intelligent. She had very lax ideas of morality, but a certain sense of honor; at any rate, she knew what devotion and gratitude meant.

The most extraordinary incident of her life is her journey to the Margraviate of Anspach. She separated from Valbelle and established herself in the spring of 1773 in the house of

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the Margrave—an ugly, sentimental, somewhat ridiculous Prince, who felt a great admiration for Clairon and for the French stage. Her correspondence with Larive about the court of the Margrave and about Germany is amusing. She had a dubious sort of status; she pretended at times to play a political part. The Margrave allowed her five lackeys, a valet, a maître d'hôtel. She could not endure the tedium of her new existence, she made enemies, and finally she was not very unhappy when Lady Craven replaced her in the affection of the Margrave. Clairon left him without much regret; in one of her letters she accuses him of "ingratitude and barbarity," and speaks of him as a man who fears "neither her ruin nor her death." The memoirs of Lady Craven are among the most amusing books of the time; it is necessary to read them after reading Goncourt's 'Clairon.' "Qui n'entend qu'une chose," says a French proverb, "n'entend qu'un son."

On her return to France, Mlle. Clairon took a country-house at Issy, near Paris. The silent years began for her, but the silence was broken when suddenly her Memoirs appeared in German, in 1798; a French edition appeared afterwards under this title, 'Mémoires d'Hippolyte Clairon, et Réflexions sur la déclamation théâtrale. À Paris, chez Buisson, rue Hautefeuille, No. 20, an VII. de la République.' Goncourt thinks that, though Clairon affected to be angry at the publication of the German translation of the Memoirs, she was really pleased with it; that it gratified her to blacken her old rival, Mlle. Dumesnil, and to poison the end of her life. He is very severe on the Memoirs, which he proclaims utterly insincere, a monument of vanity, without any real value for the history of the eighteenth century. The Revolution and the Terror reduced Clairon to a state of misery; her last years were spent in a deserted solitude. She was only sustained by a sort of Cornelian reminiscence of the Stoic sentiments which she had so often expressed on the stage, and which had become a sort of second nature to her. Towards the end she became devout, and attempted to convert the daughter of Diderot to Catholicism. She died on the 31st of January, 1803, from the consequences of a fall from her bed. Her tomb was in the cemetery at Vaugirard, and, at the request of the *sociétaires* of the Comédie-Française, was transported to Père-Lachaise in 1837.

Correspondence.

"NAMES" AND "THINGS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The position of a member of the "Grand Old Party" whose conception of it was stereotyped several decades ago, so as to be incapable of change, is becoming an increasingly trying one every year. The problem of so reconciling stubborn facts and one's own preconceived notions as to put the facts themselves in the wrong, is, indeed, always a difficult one. Yet it can apparently be done, as witness the utterances of the estimable gentlemen who, several months ago, in communications printed in your columns, declared their firm belief that the distinction between the two parties, as now existing, is essentially that in the Republican party is concentrated the "better element," in the most sweeping sense, and in its opposite the ignorant and pestilent "residuum." And this in the face of the fact that the appeal of one of these writers to the political complexion of college men, as corroborative evidence, was shown by another writer to bear overwhelmingly on the other side; that the citation of the "slums" of certain selected cities as solidly Democratic was matched by equally solid Republican "slums" in other cities; that the claim of one party to possess the "native" element, as distinguished from one with foreign antecedents and tendencies, was long ago shown to be baseless; that the finger of scorn which was once able to point to so gigantic a steal as that of the Tweed ring, as being fruits of Democratic rule, may now with equal propriety be turned to the Quay dishonesty, deliberately endorsed and sanctioned by Republican political organizations; that the complaints of years against unfairness in elections south of Mason and Dixon's line have become somewhat stale by comparison with the fraudulent measures by which Northern States have been saved to the Republican party, in the wholesale purchase of voters in "blocks of five," etc.; and, to descend from matters affecting chiefly the moral sense to those offending the sense of taste, that only during the past week it was left to a Republican member of the House, in the presence of women and other spectators, to perpetrate so intolerable a vulgarity as to produce indignant protest, while two other Republican members were forcibly prevented from holding each other's throats, Democratic members meantime contemptuously suggesting that the rules of the prize-ring should be adopted.

To be sure, there is nothing essentially new in the phenomenon here observed. It is the same which Bacon, in his 'Novum Organon,' felicitously depicts under the name of "Idols of the Market-place," in words which almost seem to have been written with current events before his eyes. "The human understanding," he says, "when it has once adopted an opinion (either as being the received opinion or as being agreeable to itself), draws all things else to support and agree with it." And as it is "by discourse" that men associate, the "choice of words wonderfully obstructs the understanding." And thus "Names" rather than "Things" carry weight.

And yet, were Republican voters, as a mass, reflective students of political history, a pondering of the Whig party's last ten years of existence would serve as a wonderfully significant commentary on present conditions.

Civis.

ANARCHY!

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: When two parts of a mob get to cursing and calling each other names, it will not be long before, in the absence of any mediating or controlling authority, they come to blows; and this is equally true whether the mob is in the House of Representatives or in the streets of New York. When Mr. Brooks attacked Mr. Sumner with a cane, it was attributed to the "barbarism of slavery." But now that slavery is abolished, that peace and harmony may be said to reign throughout the country, and the public issues are mainly financial, we have a scene in Congress which at any rate led one member to suggest the adoption of the rules of the London prize-ring. A pleasant episode that to be sent abroad into the hands of such critics of democracy as Sir Henry Maine, Mr. Fitz-James Stephen, and the Duc de Noailles! Yet if by democracy is meant the will of the people, nothing can be more unjust than to ascribe this result to it. It is safe to say that the great mass of the people of the country will be just as much disgusted with such behavior as any Duke or Earl in the House of Lords. It is simply that the House of Representatives, as at present organized, is nothing more nor less than a disorderly mob. It is the business of the Speaker to preserve order and decorum in debate, and he could and would do that if he held his proper position, that which in the New England town meeting goes by the beautifully significant name of the "Moderator." But the Speaker has long since become the most partisan member of the House, and Mr. Reed has brought the office to that high point at which it commands the respect of neither party, his principle being that the majority is to trample the minority into subjection at any cost. Apart from the Speaker there is no controlling authority but the Sergeant-at-Arms.

It is idle to suppose that the evil can be cured by substituting a Democratic for a Republican majority, as a few years of success would teach them the lesson which Mr. Reed has enforced with so much ability. The only hope is in reforming the system by taking the conduct of business out of the hands of the Speaker, and giving it to national officials acting under the authority of, and under responsibility to, the whole people.

With a Speaker whose ambition and hope of reputation lay only in the impartial enforcement of order and decorum in debate, and a Cabinet conscious that their strength lay in setting an example of dignity, moderation, and deference to the Speaker's authority, there would be no trouble, in this respect at least, about democracy.

G. B.

Boston, August 30, 1890.

THE KNIGHTS AND THE TRAVELLING PUBLIC.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I notice that a leader of the New York Central strike regards the drunkenness, negligence, or incompetence of a railroad employee as a fitting indication for arbitration, rather than immediate dismissal. As an occasional traveller, I am interested to know whether the Knights of Labor are prepared to care for my family, supposing that I am killed in a collision while the Board of Arbitration are officially engaged in investigating some previous escapade of the switchman or other employee to whose hands my life must be intrusted.

Travellers should clearly recognize the fact that the Knights of Labor, in striving to prevent the immediate dismissal of drunken or otherwise incompetent railroad employees, are simply conspiring against the lives and property of all who are compelled to use this means of locomotion. No one denies the right of laboring men to organize for legitimate purposes; but to endanger the lives of travellers in the interest of drunken employees is not a legitimate purpose. Let the Knights go much further in that direction, and the millions of people who are interested in safe travel will see to it that the obstacles between such conspiracy and the penitentiary shall be effectually removed.

Traveller.

August 26, 1890.

THE THEOLOGIANS AND THE COPYRIGHT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: While reading Mrs. Oliphant's 'Memoir of John Tulloch' I came upon a letter written by the Principal during a visit to this country in 1874. On his way to Chicago he was by some accident delayed at Cincinnati, and

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missed his connection. He had learned that two of his books had been republished at Cincinnati, and now availed himself of the opportunity to investigate the matter in person.

"I sallied forth into the large unknown town, and after various inquiries the 'Methodist Book Concern' was pointed out to me. I inquired for my books, which I got at once. I said, 'Now I am quite willing to pay for these copies, but I think you ought to give me them for nothing, as I am the writer of them.' The man looked amazed, and referred me to the head of the establishment, who also looked amazed. When he understood who I really was, he was very gracious, and of course had a copy of each put up for me. I gathered that they both sold largely—one of them being the volume of whose limited sale Macmillan, you may remember, complained. The joke is, they were all dear—dearer, in fact, as everything here is, than at home. Their selling price is one dollar twenty-five cents, or five shillings, according to the present currency. 'Beginning Life' was never more than 3s. 6d. at home, and the other volume can be got abundantly for eighteen pence. They are a strange lot, to steal a man's brains in that way and never offer him a cent, nor even, till asked for, a copy of the book. One of the bishops writes a long and flattering introduction; one might say, 'Less of your manners and more of your siller, my pious Methodist.'"

Now, in all this there is nothing new; only it serves, in another concrete instance, to bring home to us the iniquity and the disgrace of a Christian nation fostering this theft and robbery. In Principal Tulloch's case it was a matter of considerable importance what payment he received for his literary labor. His salary at St. Andrews was to the last absurdly inadequate, yet, in spite of larger pecuniary offers, he remained there out of devotion to the work. That salary, therefore, required supplementing, and in this his pen was constantly engaged. So much did he take upon himself that repeatedly his health broke down under it. There is something more than mere playful humor in it when he says, "Less of your manners and more of your siller."

WILLIAM F. FABER.

WESTFIELD, N. Y., August 23, 1890.

ONE "ABANDONED FARM" LESS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The marked interest which you have taken in the subject of abandoned farms in New England, as shown not only by your excellent editorials, but by the publication of articles by various correspondents, induces me to give you my experience during the present summer in this direction.

Whoever has followed up the Merrimac to its principal tributary, the Winnepesaukee, cannot fail to have been impressed with the grandeur and loveliness of the lake which is its source. The purity and transparency of its waters, the irregularity of its outline, the numerous wooded islands and jutting points of every shape and size, the adjacent hills gradually retreating from its borders until at varying distance they rise in an amphitheatre of stately forest-clad mountain ranges—all serve to form a picture at once noble and impressive. Nor is this region entirely destitute of legendary lore, which always invests even the tame and barren with zest and interest. Upon the shores of the "Spirit's Smile" dwelt or wandered various savage tribes, branches of the great Abenaqui nation. On its bays and tributaries "the Indian paddled his light canoe and wooed his dusky mate." Over its extended waters the French, with their savage allies, found a convenient highway for their incursions upon the defenceless southeastern frontiers of Massachusetts Bay, and many unhappy captives were forced "to track the shores with their blood." Here dwelt the "beautiful Winnepesaukees," and on the eastern shores the Ossipees had their wigwams. Here the valiant Passaconaway, afterwards the sagacious Sagamore of Pennacook, held sway, succeeded after many years of chieftainship by his son Wonnalancet; the names of both being perpetuated by noble mountain peaks which look down upon their former trails and warpaths. At its outlet, assembled at the proper season all the adjacent Indian tribes, to feast and make merry over the abundant capture of fish by means of weirs. The ploughshare still turns up in the neighboring fields many a relic of barbarous handicraft. In close propinquity, at the dividing line between lake and stream, just where a gentle current is perceptible, lies embedded the Endicott rock, bearing upon its exposed surface the carved initials of Gov. Endicott and the Massachusetts surveyors sent out to find the head of the Merrimac. The inscription bears the date of 1652, and is one of the most interesting relics of colonial days.

I have not the space to record the legend which gave the massive, symmetrical, defiant peak the name of Chocorua, nor the story of Lovewell's fight with the Pequaket tribe, in which the Chief Paugus was slain, whose memory is also enshrined in one of the grand granitic formations of the same range. Nor can I here speak of the heroic conduct of the provincial troops led against the savage enemy by brave leaders, or of the sufferings and privations of captives, as well as of the early pioneers of the Lake country. The records of New England offer abundant material to the lover of wild and fascinating stories, which clothe this entire region with poetry and romance as well as with pathos.

An early acquaintance with these localities, so imperfectly described, is associated with a pedestrian excursion made many years ago in company with a Harvard classmate, whose pen has added so much to the history of our country, and who has depicted the wild life of forest and prairie in such truthful and charming language. A desire to gratify my love for a sojourn in camp (or, rather, at the present time, for a more or less rough style of living beneath a roof more pretentious and substantial than that offered by a tent), and instigated by the letter of your correspondent published in the *Nation* of November 21, 1889, in which he says, "There are tracts, indeed, in New England, such as the White Mountain region and the Berkshire hills, where almost every farm can be made to furnish a picturesque summer home for the city refugee, and there a healthy, natural, and profitable business can be done," I started in the early days of June in search of a farm, not necessarily an abandoned one, but one which could be purchased perhaps on nearly equal terms. I determined that it should be in the White Mountain region, and that it should combine close propinquity to the shores of a lake—in fact, that it should be on its borders—that it should possess fine forest growth, noble mountain views, pleasant surroundings, and, if possible, respectable buildings, ample enough for a summer campaign of a few weeks, and which, even if occupied, could be vacated in a very short period. After several days of search and of variable experience, chance directed me to a locality with which I fell in love at first sight. I do not intend, for various reasons, to give the exact position of my purchase, but will describe the property and its surroundings.

The approach to the farm, which contains about 125 acres, is by a grass-grown road, through woods, which turns off from the travelled highway at about a mile's distance. The house, a plain, low, long, one-story and a half typical New England cottage, built a century ago, painted only by the hand of time, with a capacious chimney in the centre, and overshadowed by a noble tree, presents a most picturesque appearance. A capacious, large framed barn stands at convenient proximity, with widespread doors at either end, through which glimpses of the lake and of the near mountain ranges are to be seen. From the house-porch, looking to the south, Mount Belknap, the principal elevation of the Gilford range, raises its majestic front through an opening in the forest. A short lane passing between stone walls, venerable with lichens, and flanked by old apple trees, and with a turf which matches the verdure of any artificial lawn, leads to a pair of bars. Beyond these, and descending through a pasture a few hundred feet, a clean white sandy beach, offering the very best facilities for bathing, stretches along the shore for the distance of a quarter of a mile, bordered by a superb forest of hemlock and pine. Through this leads a cart-path, on either side of which grow in great luxuriance graceful ferns and other shade-loving vegetation. A long wooded point juts out into the lake, affording shelter to the boats and retirement to the beach, while numerous wood-clad islands add beauty to the scene.

Amid these islands the Great Northern Divers breed unmolested, and repay us with their weird notes at all hours of the day and night. The baldheaded eagle is still seen in all his majesty, especially at an early hour of the day, when we seek the beach for our morning ablutions. The waters of the lake afford ample piscatorial amusement to the lover of the rod, and many a fine black bass yields up his life to the scientific tactics of the present day. On all sides, and at almost every point of view, distant mountain peaks are visible, while nearer the ranges of the Sandwich and Ossipee cast their morning and evening shadows. The solitude and quietude of the farm are broken only by the distant tinkling of the cow-bell and by the strange cawing of the crows assembled in some secret conclave.

Such are the elements that go to make up the summer home. The days are all too short for the many agreeable ways of spending them. In addition to the usual outdoor sports, there is always something which demands attention upon the newly acquired territory, of which the owner feels the lord of all he surveys and superlatively proud; while within doors there are many little alterations to be made and conveniences to be added. Nor must the social evenings be forgotten, when the family circle is gathered about the driftwood fire, which roars up the great chimney and throws out its sparks harmlessly upon the wide stone hearth.

I need not add that the purchase thus far has proved most satisfactory, and that the "city refugee" is perfectly confident that the future will repay him for his choice, and that the investment will be a good one, even if nature is allowed to be foreman upon the farm.

DANIEL DENISON SLADE.

CHESTNUT HILL, MASS.

THE AMERICAN "IMMORTALS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your reference in the current issue to the *Critic's* "Forty Immortals" calls to mind the circumstance that at the time that paper called for ballots on the subject, the *Herald-Crimson*, a daily paper published by Harvard students, also instituted a similar contest, the results of which, with the original ballots, were forward-

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ed to the *Critic*. If my recollection serves me correctly, there were about sixty undergraduate votes cast in the limited time allowed, and the Harvard constituency necessarily had a large influence on the result of the *Critic's* contest.

Harvard's "Forty" were as follows: George William Curtis (on every ballot); Thomas B. Aldrich, George Bancroft, Bret Harte, O. W. Holmes, J. R. Lowell, C. D. Warner (on every ballot but one); George W. Cable, Francis J. Child, Henry James, and J. G. Whittier (on every ballot but two); James Freeman Clarke, E. E. Hale, W. D. Howells, E. C. Stedman, and R. G. White (on every ballot but three); Asa Gray, Julian Hawthorne, and William Dwight Whitney (on every ballot but four); S. L. Clemens, Prof. W. W. Goodwin, and Walt Whitman (on every ballot but five); John Fiske and President McCosh (on every ballot but six); G. P. Lathrop, Whitelaw Reid, and Carl Schurz (on all but seven); Edgar Fawcett, J. Brander Matthews, C. E. Norton, and R. H. Stoddard (on all but eight); C. A. Dana and W. G. Sumner (on all but nine); John Burroughs, Josiah P. Cooke, R. W. Gilder, John T. Morse, jr., John K. Paine, N. S. Shaler, and Moses Coit Tyler (on all but ten).

Comparing this list with that of the *Critic*, it will be found that twenty-six names are on both lists. Carl Schurz and President McCosh received enough votes to be on the *Critic's* list, but that paper declared them ineligible as not being native-born.

It is worthy of note that three of the nine chosen by the "Immortals" themselves were members of Harvard's "Forty."—Yours,

C. T. Greve.

Cincinnati, August 25, 1890.

THE LATE EUGENE SCHUYLER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I presume that some more extended account of the life and work of the late Mr. Schuyler than the appreciative notice in your columns will be prepared by some competent hand. But, while his memory is still fresh, I should like to draw attention to a phase of his character which has made a very deep impression upon me.

When Eugene Schuyler entered Yale College, he was the smallest and, with one exception possibly, the youngest of the undergraduates. Few who knew him at that time will forget the gentle, rosy-cheeked, large-eyed boy, who seemed so out of place among the somewhat rude and noisy members of the class of '59. Naturally he never kicked football nor played "wicket" (a kind of bastard cricket much in vogue in those days), and very rarely did he venture into a boat. I am not sure that he ever climbed to the top of either East or West Rock. To this disinclination to all outdoor sports or exercise was joined a real timidity and shrinking from anything involving hardship or danger. More than once have I guarded him to his room in the evening during our periodic hostilities with the New Haven firemen. Even still more marked was a feminine sensitiveness to a rough word or hostile criticism. In these respects he remained unchanged to the end of his college course, though in other ways he matured. In our last years he took the women's rôle in the college theatricals, and looked his part to perfection.

After graduation our paths separated, and I knew almost nothing of him for years beyond the mere fact that he had gone to Russia. Great was my surprise, therefore, to have him brought suddenly to mind one day, when reading the opening chapters of MacGahan's 'Campaigning on the Oxus.' In these I found Schuyler on the threshold of one of the most adventurous and perilous journeys which a man could undertake in 1873. The least that it demanded was the greatest powers of endurance. One might almost say that the easiest, certainly the safest, part was the beginning, the four weeks of travel, day and night, in a tarantass, across the Siberian plains, with the thermometer from thirty to fifty degrees below zero. But to penetrate into farthest Turkestan, almost alone, at the very time that Russia was advancing upon Khiva and intensifying every Turkoman's hatred of the Christian, demanded a perfect fearlessness of danger joined with the ability to compel unwilling men to perform one's will, and an inflexibility of purpose overcome by no obstacle, which only few men have possessed.

The courage which, to recall a single instance, enabled him to face unflinchingly the mob of Bokhariot pilgrims whom a fanatic was inciting to murder him, was displayed in a still more striking manner three years after this during his investigation of the Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria. With only seven companions he traversed the harried region, at times riding by "paths so steep," writes MacGahan, who is again with him, "that we were obliged to dismount and walk half the time, without then seeming quite safe from rolling down into some abyss." Schuyler had two interpreters, the one a smooth-tongued Greek, the other a rough Armenian, if my memory does not fail me. It was his custom, during the examination of ordinary witnesses, to employ the Greek. But when one of those Turkish brutes like the mudir of Batak was before him, he browbeat him into cringing subjection by the aid of the Armenian. It is difficult for me to imagine a greater contrast than that presented by the gentle, almost girlish collegian that I knew, and this Consul-General, nearly alone in the heart of the Balkans, surrounded by men still red-handed with Christian blood and thirsting to shed his, yet calmly compelling them by the pure force of his will to do his bidding.

A few years ago, when his active career was nearly over, I saw him in Boston. Naturally we talked of what he had done, and, in answer to a remark of mine in reference to this change in him which I have noted, he said: "In all my journeyings I never mounted my horse in the morning without a shudder of terror." So, after all, the natural timidity, the constitutional shrinking from hardship and peril, was still there, but kept under by his will. Just as he mastered the Uzbek, the Bokhariot, and the Turk, so he compelled his fears to yield to his determination to extend the bounds of knowledge at one time, to bring aid to an oppressed people at another. From that day I have regarded Eugene Schuyler as the bravest man whom I have ever known.

James Mascarene Hubbard.

Boston, August 26, 1890.

Notes.

By a singular oversight the address of Mr. William E. A. Axon was omitted from his letter in last week's issue relating to his monograph on Thomas Taylor, the Platonist. It is Armytage, Ashley Road, Bowdon, Manchester, England.

Charles Scribner's Sons will publish this month the fifth and sixth volumes of Henry Adams's 'History of the United States,' covering the first Administration of Madison; an 'Introduction to Philosophy,' by Prof. Geo. T. Ladd; 'The Evidence of Christian Experience,' by Prof. Lewis F. Stearns; 'Belief in God,' by Prof. J. G. Schurman; 'Citizeness Bonaparte,' from the French of Imbert de Saint-Amand, by Thos. S. Perry; and 'A Little Book of Western Verse' and 'A Little Book of Profitable Tales,' by Eugene Field.

Macmillan & Co. will add to their "Adventure Series" 'Pellow's Adventures and Sufferings during his Twenty-three Years' Captivity in Morocco,' edited by Dr. Robert Brown; a one-volume edition of Shelley's Poetical Works, complete, edited by Prof. Dowden; 'The Conflict of Capital and Labor,' by George Howell, M.P. (a second edition), and 'Stories from the Bible,' by the Rev. A. J. Church.

Cassell & Co. announce the fifth volume of Prof. Henry Morley's 'English Writers,' ending with a review of the 'Canterbury Tales'; 'The Anglomaniacs,' a story which has made its mark in the *Century*; 'Horse Stories, and Stories of Other Animals,' by Col. T. W. Knox; and 'Wanted—a King; or, How Merle Set the Nursery Rhymes to Rights,' by Maggie Browne, with illustrations by Harry Furniss.

A new work for popular reading and for use in schools, 'Civil Government in the United States, considered with some reference to its Origins,' by John Fiske, is on the eve of publication by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Harper & Bros. announce for immediate publication 'Campaigning with Crook,' by Capt. Charles King.

Mrs. Gen. Charles H. T. Collis, author of a pleasant little volume, 'A Woman's War Record,' has prepared for the press an account of what may already be called a fashionable tour—grand and thronged at any rate—namely, by the Northern Pacific Railroad to the coast, and to Sitka. It will be entitled 'A Woman's Trip through Alaska,' and will be illustrated by Mrs. Collis's camera.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have in press 'The Record of the Life of the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, D.D.'; 'Inspiration and the Bible,' by Robert P. Horton; 'The Relation of Confirmation to Baptism,' by the Rev. Arthur J. Mason; 'Christian Socialism, What and Why?' by the Rev. Philo Sprague; 'Modern Criticism Considered in its relation to the Fourth Gospel,' by Canon Watkins; and 'The Causes of the Soul,' sermons by the Rev. William R. Huntington.

Among the speedy publications of Thomas Whittaker will appear 'A History of the American Episcopal Church, from the Planting of the Colonies to the Close of the Civil War,' by the Rev. S. D. McConnell; and 'The World and the Man,' being Bishop Thompson's Baldwin Lectures for 1890.

T. Nelson & Sons have nearly ready the 'Finger New Testament,' a miniature volume of 552 pages, weighing less than an ounce.

Jæger's biography of Ibsen has been translated into English by William Morton Payne, and will be issued, with illustrations, by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

J. W. Bouton, 8 West Twenty-eighth Street, will be the American agent of the new limited edition of the works of Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, announced from London last week.

Mr. B. F. Stevens, No. 4 Trafalgar Square, London, puts out a supplemental prospectus of his great 'Facsimiles of Manuscripts relating to America, from 1763 to 1783, in the Archives of England, France, Holland, and Spain,' of which the fifth volume, closing the first series, is now being delivered on this side of the water. The next five, we are told, "will open the important correspondence from 1776 of the American Deputies in Paris, the diplomatic relations of France with the American, French,

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Dutch, and Spanish officials, and much commercial and political intelligence from merchants and private parties concerning America and American affairs." The eleven thousand pages of Peace Transcripts now on deposit in the Department of State are not included in the present series. Mr. Stevens calls attention to the value, from an heraldic and historical point of view, of the seals he reproduces with all faithfulness. More rapid progress is secured by the erection of photographic studios at the Foreign Office Archives in Paris and the Public Record Office in London, which will allow ten volumes to be issued yearly. Mr. Stevens justly appeals for a more extended support.

From Westermann & Co. we have the prospectus of an important publication by Hachette & Cie., 'Premiers Monuments de l'Imprimerie en France au XVe Siècle,' by O. Thierry-Poux, one of the curators of the National Library. It will be adorned with plates, embracing 289 facsimiles in heliogravure. The work is issued under the auspices of the Minister of Public Instruction. The art of printing was exercised in France during the fifteenth century in no fewer than 41 places, and there were 145 printers and booksellers.

Mr. Joseph Forster publishes, under the title 'Four Great Teachers' (Scribner & Welford), papers upon Ruskin, Carlyle, Emerson, and Browning, chosen from a number of lectures which he is accustomed to read. They do not fall short of the requirements of the platform for an hour's popular entertainment; as literary essays they are valueless.

Thomas Nelson & Sons publish 'The Lives of English Authors,' which fails of being either a text-book or a manual. Chaucer is included in the roll, but Spenser is the next name, and the subsequent development of literature is divided into three periods not happily discriminated. Longer biographies, mainly made up of dates and other uninteresting matter blocked off in numbered paragraphs, are furnished of the greater writers, and these are supplemented by short notices of the remainder. In this way about seventy authors, thirty being in the first class, are summarily and dryly disposed of. The quality of critical faculty and knowledge exhibited may be judged by the fact that while Beattie and Falconer and McPherson and Knowles are in the list, Collins, Keats, Shelley, Landor, to name only a few, are omitted from the English portion, and Hawthorne, Emerson, and Cooper from the American, while Lowell is reduced to the dimensions of a note.

A new edition of Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets' (Bohn's Standard Library, Scribner & Welford) meets a real need. Cunningham's edition tampered greatly with the text, though with the laudable purpose of correcting its material errors and lessening its inherent defects; but in this way he impaired much of its value. He inserted matter omitted by Johnson himself, and rearranged paragraphs, besides changing names and dates. The present editor, Mrs. Alexander Napier, has restored the text of Johnson's revised edition of 1783, and has made all the needed corrections, verified quotations, and given explanatory matter at the foot of the page, with credit for what has been taken from other commentators. Mr. J. W. Hales furnishes an introduction, in which he points out the real value of the work as historical, being in the main a summary of what the eighteenth century thought about its own literature. In the appendices is some new matter, especially in the interesting note contributed by Dr. Kopernicki and M. Pauli of the Jagolonienne University of Cracow, upon the Scotch settlers in Poland, from whom a tax decimation was levied by the Diet in 1650 in aid of Charles II., realizing £10,000. The general belief in 1620 was that there were 30,000 Scotch families in that kingdom, of whom the major part must have been peddlers, a class well known by the proverb, "Scotch Peddler in Poland." Decrees regarding them are given as early as 1585, and in the records of Warsaw Scotch names are given from 1573. Many returned home (the example of the Skene family is cited in detail), and to these Lithgow refers when he says: "Poland was the mother of our commons, the first commencement of our best merchants' wealth, or at least the most part of them." Among those who remained was a Gordon branch, who now assume the title of Marquis of Huntley, and are settled north of Cracow. The note contains many interesting quotations and details on this obscure historical point. So far as we have observed, the editor's work has been very faithfully done, and her information is abreast of the latest minute researches into the biographies of the eighteenth-century writers, and she has consulted the best authorities upon the older poets who came into Johnson's survey. The edition is in three well-printed volumes.

The new edition of Dr. Burckhardt's learned work on 'The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy,' translated by S. G. C. Middlemore, in a single closely printed volume (Macmillan), signalizes the estimation in which this most elaborate and thoughtful account of the disintegration of the mediæval spirit and the rise of modern ideals in Italy is held by scholars. It is an indispensable work for the study of the period, and its publication in a cheaper form is to be welcomed.

A new edition of Mr. Robert Waters's popular 'Life and Writings of William Cobbett' has just been published by the Worthington Company. The readability of it has been much enhanced by the appendix, containing several charming letters to the author from one of Cobbett's daughters, a lady of the old school, in her eighty-first year. These afford, also, biographical data of some importance by way of correction. Cobbett's posterity seems to be both hardy and numerous.

The second part of the Prolegomena to the eighth edition of Tischendorf's 'Novum Testamentum Græce,' prepared by Dr. Caspar R. Gregory, has lately been issued by J. C. Hinrichs, Leipzig (New York: Westermann). It consists, besides some addenda to the preceding catalogue of uncial codices, of a catalogue of the miniscule codices in which a continuous text of the New Testament occurs, and those here noticed number 2,800, while 200 others have been seen by Dr. Gregory; and a catalogue of lectionaries, also very extensive. The late lamented Ezra Abbot was an associate in this enormous labor.

The weighty utterances of Bishop Potter in the domain of politics and in the forum of the scholar's conscience should make a large demand for No. 23 of *Sun and Shade* (Photogravure Co., 137 West Twenty-third Street, New York), in which the first plate is an excellent portrait of this divine. Another of the plates continues the Gettysburg series with a view of Spangler's Spring. Of the remainder, the scene from Yucatan most deserves mention.

St. Nicholas, which, but a short time ago, wisely adopted larger type for its "Letter-Box," is, in its September issue, guilty of a serious lapse into evil typographical ways. "A Page of Sketches by a Young Contributor" consists of a number of drawings, the descriptive legend of which is so microscopic as to defy any but a very myopic eye. Two lines in particular, which few adults will have the hardihood to decipher, are among the smallest we have ever seen in print, and we shudder to think how many youthful eyes have attempted the task.

The Astronomische Gesellschaft of Leipzig is an association of astronomers and friends of astronomy, with the object of advancing that science, particularly in such directions as require systematic coöperation. At its second meeting, in 1865, the Society organized a system of meridian-circle observations, according to a definite programme, to obtain accurate positions of all the stars of the 'Bonner Durchmusterung' down to the ninth magnitude, included in a zone 82 degrees in breadth, whose northern limit is the parallel ten degrees from the north pole. The execution of this programme, involving perhaps the greatest amount of astronomical routine work ever undertaken, was begun at once, thirteen observatories coöperating, eleven European and two American. Many years later, the programme was extended into the southern skies, making the entire zone 103 degrees in breadth. The eminent German astronomer, Dr. Arthur Auwers of Berlin, has the general direction of this great work, which has now so far advanced that publication is already begun. The first two quarto volumes have reached us, the work of Dr. Krueger at Helsingfors and Gotha, and of Prof. Lewis Boss at the Dudley Observatory, Albany. The latter volume contains the customary catalogue-data for more than 8,000 stars, and the former for nearly 15,000. Besides Albany, the other American observatories coöperating in the completed programme of the Gesellschaft are at Cambridge and Washington.

In Gottfried Keller, whose death occurred at Zürich on July 15, German literature has lost a writer who, in freshness of imagination and originality of language, if not in constructive power, excelled most contemporary novelists. As he inclined to depict the exceptions rather than the normal type of humanity, Keller perhaps stopped short of the highest goal of literary greatness; but some of his productions at least, above all the 'Leute von Seldwyla,' the 'Züricher Novellen,' and the inimitable 'Legenden,' will always remain revelations of human nature at large. Since the days of Haller no Swiss writer has exerted such a powerful influence upon German literature as Keller; a fact which, taken together with the Böcklin craze raging all over Germany, is as creditable to the intellectual activity of Switzerland as it is significant for the literary and artistic stagnation of the new German Empire.

—The September *Atlantic* has, first and last, a great deal of history in it. Mr. Justin Winsor leads off with a disquisition on how to write and how not to write historical narrative, and leaves the reader with a mind full of uncertainty and an expectation of endless rewriting of the past. History, if we read the somewhat gnomic sentences correctly, is, in the writer's view, in a state of perpetually unstable equilibrium, and will continue to fall about our heads as soon as built. In interesting juxtaposition with this is the all-comprehensive "Development of Modern European Historiography," by Prof. Jameson, in which we are taken through the successive stages of historical composition, shown how one age differed from another in glory and method, and what particular course was adopted in each epoch and all European countries, so that we have a bird's-eye view of what European historical

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works have in fact been. To what extent Mr. Winsor's opinion is borne out by this survey the reader must judge. Mr. John Fiske deals with the special topic of the "Disasters of 1780," and offers a practical illustration of at least one new way of writing American history, and a most stimulating one. We find yet further on in the number an account of Mme. de Montespan and her immediate family, made up mainly from the memoirs of the time by the way of abundant quotation, with a thread of gentle comment tending to conciliate the reader and direct attention to the personal qualities of mind and manner of this group of persons, to interest us in their fortunes, and especially to mark out the strain of family tradition in all the members—that "Mortemart brilliancy" which was recognized by every one in them and in the young people they brought up, so that Mme. de Maintenon, praising a granddaughter of Mme. de Montespan, could say, "Elle s'exprime en Mortemart." The personal delineations in this paper are remarkably cut, and the literary *finesse* of the writer is wholly successful. Mr. Lowell's lines on Fielding give poetic distinction to the number.

—First to arrest the eye in *Scribner's* are Mr. Zogbaum's spirited illustrations of the cruise of the United States squadron to Lisbon, in which various aspects of ocean weather and of the interior life of the men aboard ship are effectively drawn. The text of this paper is something more than a log of the voyage, and is written, not without success, in the impressionist style. The illustrations with which Mr. Donald G. Mitchell adds interest to his charming account of country-houses also are prominent, and are well selected to reinforce the comments of the writer on the historical examples of country-house architecture on our eastern coast North and South. He confines his attention, it should be said, to the real and abiding country-house, not the villa for the summer, but one that is meant to be inhabited the year round. He writes in his always agreeable style, and with a love of country living which alone would account for the wide knowledge he displays of the American manor and wayside houses of the older time. The right of the citizen to his own property gives occasion for a general view of the gradual encroachment of public interests in matters anciently considered wholly private, with respect to property, and more particularly for some brief discussion of the recent, already famous decisions of the Supreme Court which seem to open ground for an indefinite development of the control of the Legislature over private business. The writer shows a decidedly conservative tone of mind. Mr. Thomas Stevens writes of the African river systems, Prof. Shaler of the influences of geography upon the early races, and C. Emma Cheney upon Heligoland, a short but sufficient description of this miniature community. Mr. W. C. Larned defends Millet from some recent criticism, and in the region of literature we observe one of Mr. T. R. Sullivan's carefully studied stories, and a poem by Mr. Scollard, in which he reaches the extreme point of talent and technique in the latter-day poetic manner; but to be really memorable in that sort one must invent a new *genre*.

—The prominent paper in *Harper's* is the first in the promised series upon American colleges, the subject in this instance being Harvard and the author Prof. Norton. There is but little detail in the paper, which is less a description of the University as it is than a general view of its lines of development in the last twenty years in connection with the collateral development of the nation. Prof. Norton sees in the many changes which have taken place under the administration of President Eliot the growth of a distinctive American ideal of the University, and in his judgment progress has already proceeded so far that we have no occasion to lament any serious deficiencies in the general scheme of study. He points out the undesirable results of the tendency to multiply small institutions of learning instead of concentrating endowments upon those already in existence, and he notices the fact that the college-bred class does not keep pace in numbers with the increase of the population. He also declares that, notwithstanding the large funds of the College, five millions more are needed to allow it to do all that it is capable of doing; but he exhibits the multiplicity of studies, the richness of the collections, the growth of the new graduate department, the excellence of the physical régime, the improved standard of conduct among the students, the democratic character of their life, and the comparatively low necessary cost of education. He estimates that if a student obtains an average scholarship, $236, an equal sum of his own is all that is really required for college expenses, exclusive of clothes. This strikes us as certainly a minimum. He calls attention to the fact that a degree can now be earned in three years. His remarks upon the influence of very rich students and the benefit of their residence to themselves are noticeable. The only unfavorable comment he has to make is upon the lack of architecture in the college buildings, and upon the comparatively low degree of attention bestowed on those studies which cultivate the imagination directly. The view taken is an optimistic one, and suggests no doubt of the wisdom of the changes already made, not even the reduction of the course, which has seemed to many a concession to the practical and materialistic spirit whose operation in American life Prof. Norton has most distinctly considered disproportionate. The entire paper must be regarded as a defence and eulogy of the new Harvard of the time.

—The *Century* contributes a clerical paper to the discussion, always more or less active, of the meaning and importance of socialistic ideas which have an alarmist signification to a certain group of people with philanthropic sympathies. Prof. Shields writes it, with some assistance from Bishop Potter. The attempt is made to define different phases of socialism, to show their relations with "the Church," and to argue in favor of unity of the Protestant sects in an "American Catholic Church" as a means of exerting a social influence for the regeneration of "the State." The paper is conveniently divided into headings, among which we find a group: "Christian Doctrine of Social Distinctions," "Christian Doctrine of Property," "Christian Doctrine of Poverty." This intimates that civil polity is a part of religion, and makes the same assumption that is involved in the occasional letters of the Pope to the world at large, in which he declares the "Christian doctrine" of liberty of the press and of the duty of the masses to their established rulers, etc.; but scrutiny of the "Christian Doctrine of Property," for example, as pronounced by the present authority, does not show us any close connection between corporate rights, land tenure, or the like, and the Sermon on the Mount, the Lord's Prayer, or St. John's Gospel, or any other of the sources of our "religion." The customs of the Jewish law or the moral maxims of Christ supply a rule of life, but a "doctrine of property" is another thing. We are told, for example, that "the voice of Divine Wisdom . . . calls upon rich men to weep and howl for the miseries that are to come upon them in the day when the cries of laborers whose hire is kept back by fraud have entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth," and exhorts laborers to treat their employers as brethren, "not with eye-service as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God, and having his blessing when they suffer wrongfully." But the Day of Judgment threatened the rich and "the blessing of God" as a comfort to the victims of the sweating system are far-off things, and hardly competent to a "doctrine of property." It is not so long since this same "Christian doctrine" meant, being interpreted, compensation to slaveholders. In brief, State policy as a part of religion was long ago left behind, and the present discussion shows no aptitude of the clerical mind for statecraft. The notion that "the Church," as such, contains a system of civil polity in its "doctrine" which is capable of regenerating society by "organized" Church unity of action, is one of the most dangerous ideas that ever begot tyranny in the past, and there is no reason to think that it would be a less serious misfortune to-day if the Church had power. In our civilization the idea has no place. As for the "Christian Doctrine of Social Distinctions," the very phrase is satire on what Christians have made of Christ.

—The session of the Harvard Summer School of Geology, now about closing, is the most successful in point of numbers of any that has been held since the first camping school in Kentucky, in 1875. An elementary class of sixteen students—men and women—was given instruction in the Museum at Cambridge for four weeks in July, with lectures, laboratory work, and local field excursions. This is adapted particularly for teachers who wish practice in methods of study and presentation. An advanced class of twenty students—men only—spend six weeks in moving about the country, from Utica, N. Y., to Martha's Vineyard, Mass. The class gathered at Utica early in August to study the New York series of palæozoic rocks, these lying horizontal in normal sequence, well exposed in many ravines and generally fossiliferous. A week was then given to Catskill, where the same rocks are tilted, crumpled, and broken. Peekskill, in the highlands of the Hudson, was the next stopping-place, chosen for its excellent sections of crystalline and intrusive rocks. The class then proceeded to Meriden, Conn., to examine the Triassic formation, with its sheets of intrusive and extrusive lavas, all tilted and greatly faulted. The work closes at Gay Head, Martha's Vineyard, where cretaceous and tertiary strata are exposed in the shore cliffs, overlaid by glacial deposits. Four instructors share the teaching in this class, each one taking the party for a week or more at some locality familiar to him, so that its problems can be presented in the manner most advantageous to the students. A third division of the school is attended by several more advanced students, accompanying the field parties by which certain professional work of the instructors is carried on in different parts of New England.

—In the *Revue Bleue* of July 26, M. Maurice Albert calls M. Philippe Daryl to account for saying, in his 'Renaissance Physique,' that the English game of foot-ball is identical with the Roman *follis*. Perhaps one should say almost identical, for M. Daryl admits that the *follis* was struck with the fists; nevertheless he maintains that it was practically the same game

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as foot-ball, and was played by persons of all ages, quoting in support of his contention Martial's line:

"Folle decet pueros, ludere folle senes."

This is an extremely careless quotation, for Martial is by no means recommending the game as suitable for everybody, but only as a gentle sport fit for old men and boys. This appears plainly from the line that comes next before the one which M. Daryl quotes. The passage runs:

"Ite procul iuvenes; mitis mihi convenit aetas;
Folle decet pueros ludere, folle senes."

The *ludus follis* of the ancients was in fact, as coins show, a game analogous to the Italian *giuco di pallone*, with perhaps a distant resemblance to shuttle-cock. The *follis* was a ball filled with air, very light, and often decorated with feathers. Clement of Alexandria and Galen recommend the game as proper for such as cannot bear much fatigue, for elderly people and convalescents. It is obvious that they could not have meant anything like modern English foot-ball. This latter game, M. Albert Maurice holds, is the same as the Spartan *harpaston*, which Lucian says was played in the time of Lycurgus, and which became a favorite amusement of the Romans down to the time of the end of the Empire. Galen describes this game minutely. A struggle for the ball was its characteristic feature, as its name denotes, and sprains and bruises, dislocation of joints, and broken bones were its concomitants, as now.

—The announcement of the death of Mme. Ackermann calls for a word of obituary notice, if it be only to remark that, in spite of the modern note of despair that is characteristic of her verse, she died one of the most obscure and least read of poets. Louise Victorine Choquet was born in Paris, November 13, 1813. In her youth she passed through many phases of religious belief, but by the year 1840 she had settled down into steady-going atheism and pessimism. About this time she met Prof. Paul Ackermann and married him, and they lived at Berlin till his death in 1846. Then she returned to Paris, where she published a volume of *contes* in 1855, and soon after retired to Nice, where she lived for the rest of her days in seclusion. While there she published 'Poésies,' 1877; 'Pensées d'une Solitaire,' preceded by an autobiography, 1883; and 'Ma Vie,' 1885. Her audience was never large, but it numbered good intellects, among whom she was accounted the most remarkable woman of letters since George Sand. She was a most austere pessimist—a "puritan atheist," Anatole France calls her, "a saint of atheism." In her eyes marriage was a loathsome crime, and to bring children into this world of misery the most wretched of sins. Anatole France relates that once, while he was visiting her, she broke completely off a lifelong friendship, and drove a companion of her childhood out of her house, because the poor lady, who was sitting beside the fire, handed the tongs to an infirm old gentleman in a manner "*trop instinctive.*" Her verses breathe her spirit. It remains only to say that, like many another pessimist of old time or of our time, she passed through this worst of all possible worlds surrounded by many comforts.

THE EARLY DIARY OF FRANCES BURNEY.—I.

The Early Diary of Frances Burney. 1768–1778. Edited by Annie Raine Ellis. 2 vols. London: George Bell & Sons.

'The Early Diary of Frances Burney' must interest every student either of character or of society. The book is the portrait of a woman endowed with rare genius; it is the graphic picture of a society at once so like and so unlike the world of to-day that its true features are with difficulty understood by the Englishmen or Americans of the nineteenth century.

Frances Burney's eminence among the novelists of England is indisputable, yet it is often but grudgingly acknowledged by the modern readers of 'Evelina' or 'Cecilia.' They say, and with truth, that she has nothing like the finished style or the fidelity to nature to be found in many of her successors. She has not the epigrammatic turn of Miss Edgeworth; she does not paint the comfortable dulness of English parsonages or country houses with the exactness of Miss Austen; she has little, according to modern taste at any rate, of the grace of Mrs. Gaskell; she does not claim the force of Miss Brontë and her sisters, nor does she make the slightest pretence to the learning, the thoughtfulness, or the philosophy, whatever be its worth, of George Eliot. She is simply, at any rate in her best and earliest works, a bright, clever girl, who, full of spirit and sympathy and gifted with keenest observation, sketches off men and women as they passed before the gaze of her thoughtful eyes.

Her claim to distinction is, however, undeniable. It rests in part upon the effect produced by her works upon her own generation. In matters of oratory, of acting, of literary style—in all pursuits, in fact, which aim at exciting human interest and appeal to human emotions—success is its own vindication. A speaker who sways his audience at his will is, say what you like, an orator. A player who enthralls pit and gallery alike, who fills the spectators with amusement, who arouses their sense of terror, of pity, or of sympathy, is, in despite of all critics, a true actor. An unknown and anonymous novelist whose tale becomes the talk of the day, who is admired at once by every ordinary reader, and also by men such as Johnson, Burke, Garrick, and Sheridan, is above criticism. A wise critic will, in the case of such a writer as Miss Burney, analyze the novelist's powers, and describe, if he can, the nature and limitations of her genius, but he will show himself ignorant of his art if he doubts for a moment the validity of her claim to a high rank among the writers of England.

But, in truth, her title to fame rests on an even more solid basis than the admiration of contemporaries. She was the first and the most "original" (in the strictest sense of the word) of the long line of female novelists whose tales form one of the peculiar glories of English literature. She drew nothing from any predecessor. She had, we may suppose, though this is not certain, read Richardson and Fielding; but neither of these authors was exactly a model for a young lady's sketches of family life and society. She was, in the main, left to the guidance of her own genius, and she wrote not so much naturally (for you may find stilted sentences even in 'Evelina') as from nature. The comparison may seem far fetched, but in more points than one she may be compared with Dickens. Neither the author of 'Evelina' nor the author of 'Pickwick' followed any model; each trusted to natural power of expression and to a natural gift for observation; each had the keenest eye for the drolleries and the oddities of life; each was endowed with keenness of sympathy. Each—and this is no trifle—looked at existence mainly from the point of view of a Londoner, and each added to the immediate effectiveness, but detracted from the truthfulness, of their portraits by the exaggeration of quaint traits and personal peculiarities. Each, in spite of this tendency towards caricature, was guided by a natural refinement of feeling which prevented caricature from partaking of coarseness.

Miss Burney in one respect has been far more fortunate than Charles Dickens, or, indeed, than any other novelist whom we can at this moment remember, except Scott. Most story-tellers live rather in their stories than in the history of their own lives. We know Dickens from 'David Copperfield'; we know Miss Brontë from 'Jane Eyre' and 'Villette'; we know George Eliot from 'Clerical Sketches' and the 'Mill on the Floss'; our real knowledge of these writers is in reality diminished by reading their letters or their biographies. Most persons feel that Dickens and George Eliot, at any rate, to speak of no others, would be known to us much better had no one ever undertaken to write their lives. With Frances Burney it is different; the more that is known of her diaries the better for her fame. The diaries of Madame D'Arblay are fully as good reading as her novels. 'The Early Diary of Frances Burney' is as charming a piece of writing as can be found in English literature. It tells us what Frances Burney was like, and "Fannikin," to use the pet name given her by Mr. Crisp, is more lovable and more interesting than either Evelina or Cecilia. Fanny, moreover, when we see her writing her diary, or corresponding with Daddy Crisp, explains the authoress of 'Evelina.' It takes no great acuteness to trace in her earliest diaries the gifts which turned, by little more than a happy chance, in the direction of literature, and made Fanny the earliest and, in many senses, the first among the female novelists of England. It is worth while to consider for a moment what these gifts were.

Nature gave her the power of literary expression. No doubt this power is itself the result of other qualities; still, style, strange though the fact be, seems almost to be a gift of its own. When Frances was not more than sixteen, she wrote with a grace and ease which many writers never attain through the practice of a lifetime. That this was so is proved conclusively by the dedication of her journal "to a Certain Miss Nobody." The idea itself is humorous. The whole reads like a piece of Thackeray's 'Roundabout Papers.' The last paragraph is a sufficient proof that this statement is no exaggeration:

"I will suppose you, then, to be my best friend (tho' Heaven forbid you ever should!), my dearest companion—and a romantick girl, for mere oddity may perhaps be more sincere, more tender, than if you were a friend in propria persona—inasmuch as imagination often exceeds reality. In your breast my errors may create pity without exciting contempt; may raise your compassion without eradicating your love. From this moment, then, my dear girl—but why, permit me to ask, must a *female* be made Nobody? Ah! my dear, what were this world good for, *were* Nobody a female? And now I have done with preambulation."

Let the reader note, too, that this "Miss Nobody" is always turning up in the earlier pages of the diary; that the journal is not meant for the eye of any one but Fanny herself, and that the references to Miss Nobody are invariably introduced so as to add a certain sense of grace and ease and humor to the writing. When these things are duly weighed, we shall safely conclude that Fanny was born with as natural a turn for the use of the pen as falls to some geniuses for the use of the pencil. But the study of her diaries betrays much more to a sensible critic than Fanny's natural literary talent. A person may possess the

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power of expression and yet have no thoughts which are worth being expressed. Now, Frances Burney had, besides the gift of putting her thought into words, a power of natural and, so to speak, humorous observation which has hardly been possessed in the same degree by any novelist except Dickens. Every page of her diary affords proof that she was constantly noting and constantly recording the humors of life. In the main this was due to turn of character; it was fostered, however, by two circumstances, the one peculiar to Miss Burney's position, the other belonging to the time in which she lived.

Her early life was passed amid musicians, actors, artists, authors; it was a life of "respectable Bohemianism," if such an expression does not involve a contradiction. The bright, silent, observant, and reflective girl saw in her father's house a great deal more of men and manners than is seen by most young ladies. Garrick, Johnson, actors, singers, and authors, were all on more or less friendly terms with Dr. Burney. Arthur Young, to whom there is more than one reference in the diaries, was a household friend. Garrick was always coming in and out, joking and playing with the pleasant daughters of his friend. The atmosphere that surrounded Fanny was literary and theatrical.

The receiving and writing of letters, again, was, at any rate in the circle in which the Burneys moved, a real interest and employment. We must remember what letters were in 1768, the date when Fanny's diaries begin. They really told news—things and events of true interest, which friends in the country like Crisp would not know except for his correspondents. Papers, magazines, reviews, constant visits to London, were, we must remember, quite unknown to ordinary English ladies and gentlemen a century ago. Johnson's voyage to the Hebrides was looked upon as at least as remarkable a performance as would to-day be a journey by a leading man of letters to an out-of-the-way part of Russia. A lady from the country who visited London, or a young woman who went from London into the country, had something of real novelty to tell her friends at home; and her friends, not being provided with an immense supply of light literature, were heartily glad to read her letters. We may be quite sure that any one who had a talent for narrative, and especially for reporting conversations, was pressed or compelled to become a letter-writer. Now, Fanny's power of narrating conversation in a vivid form was equal to that of Boswell. At every turn this gift reappears. The whole account, to take one example, of Mr. Barlow's courtship of herself, or of Mr. Seaton's attentions to Hetty Burney, which somehow just failed of culminating into a courtship, is as lively as a novel. We know exactly how Mr. Barlow blundered in his endeavors to force his attentions upon Frances, and how Mr. Seaton excited expectations which were ultimately disappointed in the mind of Hetty. The manner, the address, the very words of both gentlemen, are recorded in Fanny's diary. We can well understand why it was that Daddy Crisp presses for her letters, or how it happened that a young lady who had never published a line could describe society in letters to and from Evelina with a skill not often attained by experienced novel-writers.

The passion, indeed, for letter-writing which marked the generation to which Miss Burney belonged was so strong that it left a permanent mark upon the prevailing form of narrative. Modern readers are surprised that Richardson, Rousseau, Miss Burney, and others should have thought that a correspondence was a suitable form in which to tell a tale of romance. The letters which, for instance, tell the tragedy of Clarissa Harlowe impede the narrative, and a modern reader finds it difficult to understand how, even by a stretch of imagination, Lovelace should be supposed to occupy every spare moment in the writing of letters. The explanation is simple: people of education did in the last century give up a great deal of their time and thought to letter-writing. Events which interested a family were really related in the family correspondence. Authors who threw a tale into an epistolary form no doubt exaggerated the tendency to put down all the events of domestic life on paper, just as a dramatist exaggerates for the purposes of the theatre the habit of giving expression to feeling or thought in speech. But though it is not true that men give expression in words to all their thoughts and feelings, yet it is true that a great deal of thought and feeling is reproduced in speech; and just so, though it is not true that domestic correspondence ever tells the whole life of a man or family, still, towards the end of the last century, it was true that letters contained a great deal of family and even of public history. If Trollope had lived a century ago, letters would have played a far greater part than they do in his novels. Letter-writing has become a lost art; an age of post-cards cannot understand an age of letters.

The mere form of Miss Burney's novels, indeed, strikes the novel-readers of to-day as awkward and unattractive. They are marked at once by a stiffness and also by a simplicity very unlike the easy expression and the subtlety of sentiment which mark the novels of the nineteenth century. The ceremonious manner in which Evelina addresses her guardian, and the pomposity of the moral sentiment in which her guardian replies to his ward, strikes us as unreal and affected. There is, however, far less of affectation in Evelina's language than we should naturally suppose. The formality which surprises us was the formality of the times, not of Evelina or of Evelina's creator. There is mixed with this formality of style a very curious simplicity of idea. The jokes which amuse Evelina and her friends, and which convulsed the readers of 'Evelina' with amusement, are not the sort of humor which would amuse the young ladies whose portraits are given us by Trollope or Miss Yonge. Yet who can really doubt that Miss Burney, with the formality of her style and with the simplicity of her ideas, possessed a touch of genius never found in a single page of Miss Yonge's natural but pointless narratives of every-day life? Fanny Burney has the one supreme power of giving life to her narrative. The whole description, for example, of the private theatricals at Barborne Lodge is a vivid picture of country society in the eighteenth century. Fanny has nothing remarkable to tell, but somehow, when you have read her account of the actors and their performances, you feel at once that a scene of bygone times has been brought before your eyes. But to see Frances Burney at her very best, she should be narrating conversation; she belongs intellectually to the family of Boswell. She could not hear people talk without picking out all that was pointed in their conversation, and putting it down. One cannot help even now pardoning the unhappy Mr. Barlow all the distress he caused Fanny, for the sake of the picture which Miss Burney has left us of her interview with this most awkward and unappreciated of lovers. The conversations between them are too long for citation, but any one who will read them—and they are easy reading enough—will fully understand how Miss Burney became, from the moment she published 'Evelina,' one of the first novelists of the day. All that is good in 'Evelina' had been noted down in her diary, or at any rate in her memory.

Yet literary skill, extraordinary powers of observation, and a keen sense of humor, were not the only qualities which gave an indescribable charm both to Miss Burney's writings and to herself. She is utterly free from sentimentality. She never preaches the duty of sympathy, but every line in her diary betrays the fact that she was full of feeling. This characteristic was oddly expressed by her stepmother in a conversation with Arthur Young:

> "Talking of happiness and misery, sensibility and a total want of feeling, my mamma said, turning to me, 'Here's a girl will *never* be happy! *never* while she lives!—for she possesses perhaps as feeling a heart as ever girl had!' Some time after when we were near the end of our journey, 'And so,' said Mr. Young, 'my friend Fanny possesses a very feeling heart?' He harped on this some little time, and said he would call me *feeling Fanny*. It was *characteristick* he said, and a great deal more such nonsense, that put me out of all patience, which same virtue I have not yet sufficiently recovered to recount any more of our conversation, charming as part of it was, *which* part you may be sure I had my share in. How else *could* it be charming?"

The joke, which, be it remembered, is only recorded for Miss Nobody, cut, as jokes often do, rather deep. Arthur Young was right. "Feeling" was characteristic of Fanny. Even now it is difficult to read without emotion the narrative, written for no eye but her own, of her misery at her sister's expected death, and of her joy at Susette's unhoped-for recovery. "My sweet Susette is almost well. I think of nothing else but to thank God Almighty enough which I am obliged to run out of the room to do twenty times a day—for else I cannot breathe—I feel as if I had an asthma except when I am doing that."

RECENT FICTION.

The Mistress of Beech Knoll. By Clara Louise Burnham. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Dominant Seventh: A Musical Story. By Kate Elizabeth Clark. D. Appleton & Co.

A March in the Ranks. By Jessie Fothergill. Henry Holt & Co.

The Lawton Girl. By Harold Frederic. Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Maria: A South American Romance. By George Isaacs. Translated by Rollo Ogden, with an Introduction by Thomas A. Janvier. Harper & Bros.

Pactolus Prime. By Albion W. Tourgée. Cassell Publishing Co.

The House of the Wolfings. By William Morris. Boston: Roberts Bros.

'THE MISTRESS OF BEECH KNOLL' is distinctly an advance beyond the author's previous books, and deserves commendation as showing a progress which, if it continues at the present rate, may culminate in a really good novel. The present volume is hardly that, but is a pleasant story. If its four hundred pages of lightness and sweet do not constitute a very solid or racy banquet, it is at least purged in great measure from the cheapness of its predecessors.

In musical stories the music or the story usually suffers from the yoke-fellowship. 'The Dominant Seventh' is no exception to the rule, containing, as it does, much sound sense, catholicity of judgment, and poetic feeling in

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relation to music, and being, as a story, fantastic, overstrained, and disagreeably self-conscious. Ferranti, the hero, who makes his appearance with Paganini-like diablerie, proves in the end so sober and wealthy and steady-going a sort of citizen that one perforce thinks of the time-honored circus-rider who begins as a reeling inebriate and ends as the spangled pet of the fancy. Assuredly Ferranti is a *lusus naturæ*, summoning up, with his violin-playing, ghosts to frighten young ladies, and lying down, at last, a veritable lamb. The characters have an irritating way of talking at the public and not to one another, which induces in the reader a mood of injustice to the real intelligence and breadth underlying but not shaping the story.

Miss Fothergill has a decidedly interesting way of writing which holds the attention through even 500 pages. On a review, however, of one's state of mind during the reading, it turns out that it was always on a tiptoe of expectation as to what developments would arise, and how the incidents so brightly and graphically told would weave themselves into the story. When the book is closed, one first fairly perceives that there was no plan or construction, no real evolution of character—though there is a great deal about a great many different characters—and no excuse for existence for a large part of the scenic effect. What saves the book and makes it preëminently readable is its style, which knows no stagnancy, and a certain modern boldness in its point of view, which puts a fearless finger upon the affairs and the relations of life. The book is, perhaps, too much like a piece out of real life, in its inconsequence and its unlinked happenings, to be really good art, and it is interesting somewhat as a day in a crowd is interesting, from what one picks up here and there of mirth, of prettiness, of pathos, leaving one at the end of the day rather dissatisfied and a little dizzy.

'The Lawton Girl' belongs to the "industrious and idle apprentice" type of novel; the walk through life of these time-honored heroes being fitted to conditions as modern as this morning's paper. The industrious apprentice wins the race and the girl, and obtains, but nobly fails to use, the means of punishing his not at all formidable rival. Viewed as a novel it is rather dingy reading; but where is the novel to-day which is only a novel? To review a work of fiction now is to expose to public view one's theories upon everything rather than art; in this particular case, upon the social question, upon reform clubs, trusts, and strikes. We must avow that Mr. Frederic has not thrown any light on the last two questions. His evil characters are from the outset so obviously weighted in a downward direction that the form of temptation is purely a matter of detail. In their hands the simplest matter of barter would become fraud, so that their perdition in the intricacies of a trust proves nothing against that form of competition. In the social question there is more of positive dealing with the topic. The story of the Lawton girl, betrayed and forsaken, returning to her own town to live down, among her own townspeople, her former life, has something real and hopeful in its ring. The solution of the problem may not be accepted, but it is clearly stated and fairly met. It is discouraging to find that an industrious apprentice should tell his professional secrets, very nearly overthrowing the ends of justice. Perhaps it matters the less, since in the end he elects to let the villains go unpunished, though how he reconciles this to his conscience we fail to see. His reform club, sad to say, is dropped as soon as it has hired a place of meeting, and is not at all what a well-conducted reform club in a novel should be. Some very amusing observations are put into the mouth of one of the characters, a young woman, in relation to business matters, showing a woolliness that is partially typical, it is to be feared.

'María,' as Mr. Janvier points out in his graceful introduction, is worthy the attention of English-speaking Americans because it is a specimen of the literature of a people whom we are apt to think of as wholly unliterary and dependent upon Spain for their books, namely, our Spanish-speaking sister republics of Mexico and South America. The very interesting fact mentioned by Mr. Janvier, that a catalogue of books published in Mexico before the year 1600 includes 116 titles, will be, we fancy, startling to most Americans north of New Orleans. We open Mr. Isaacs's novel, then, with the feeling that it has a pedigree, and that it is a new-found relative to ourselves. We find a tender little idyl of love and sorrow, and, yet more notably, a picture of country life and family life in Cauca, which is quite new in English literature, but which becomes at once familiar and home-like through the unerring touch of nature and the delicacy of Mr. Isaacs's art.

'Pactolus Prime,' like others of Judge Tourgée's books, is to be considered less as a novel than as the cry of one seeking justice. Here it is the bitter wail of the negro, reviewing the wrongs done him from the days of slavery to the present time, and denouncing the white man for his share in them—for worshipping in the name of Christianity a "White Christ"—for making white immorality the same as black religion, and for denying the negro, after nominally freeing him, the barest political and educational justice. Pactolus Prime makes the startling statement that if the slaves from the beginning of slavery down to the emancipation were to be paid for their labor at the rate of ten cents a day, the nation would now be in their debt for more than ten billions of dollars. He inveighs against the mode of distribution of funds proposed in the happily snuffed-out bill for national aid to education—the money being given by the Government proportionably to the illiteracy of the State, the State in turn conferring it per capita, so that the money falls to the more numerous whites, even though the blacks are the illiterates. These things may be found in the daily papers, but the hopeless agony in the lot of the black seeking to obtain among men the place of a man, this is what the book sets powerfully before us.

To any one who longs to steal away from the nineteenth century and steep himself in the atmosphere of a warlike and heroic past, there can be no better suggestion offered than to read Morris's 'House of the Wolfings.' We defy any one to rise from a perusal of its pages and not have to summon himself with an effort back into a distant to-day, far from the vivid present of the time of strife betwixt Goth and Roman; of mighty leaders in war; of doughty women leaving their looms to ride through tangled woods and bring tidings of the foe; of a little lad weeping because his warrior friend has gone to the war without fashioning for him the promised clay horse; of dwelling-halls hung with fine tapestries, and maidens tending the sacred lamp; of glades where the kindreds meet and hold council of war. Nay, further, even the Valkyr kissing the warrior and saving him from death that they may live and love, and the seeress daughter born to them, all are more present to us than the present itself. If there be ever a lapse into another day, it is only through what Pater, in writing of Morris's earlier works, calls "the charming anachronisms of a poet who, while he handles an ancient subject, never becomes an antiquarian." If he had not kept the subject "always close to himself" (to quote Pater once more), we should not find him saying of a warrior long spared to his house, that "it was neighborly done of the Father of the Slain to forbear his company so long"; nor (of a faint light in the woods), that "it might scarce be told whether that light were the memory of yesterday or the promise of to-morrow"; possibly not (of the same place), that "for all the darkness, no man could go there and not feel that the roof was green above him." An admirable estimate of the present book, by the *Athenæum*, appended to this edition, refers to Aristotle's assumption that invention and not singing is the indispensable basis of poetry. Who shall say whether Morris is the better inventor or singer in this beautiful work—in a song that is so laden with story, a story which, whether prose or verse, is such pure singing?

KOHUT'S FERDINAND LASSALLE.

Ferdinand Lassalle: sein Leben und Wirken. Auf Grund der besten und zuverlässigsten Quellen geschildert von Dr. Adolph Kohut. Leipzig: Otto Wigand. Pp. ix., 210.

ALTHOUGH Lassalle has been dead for more than a quarter of a century, he is to-day, in many respects, "the most live man" among German publicists and politicians. Parties representing the most adverse and antagonistic aims and tendencies, and public men of the most diverse types, from Bismarck to the Social-Democrat Bebel, appeal alike to him for the endorsement of their political opinions and programmes. Indeed, the recent rescripts of the German Emperor, which led to an international conference for the regulation of the labor question and the improvement of the condition of the laboring classes, were the fruit of the seed sown by Lassalle thirty years ago and the official recognition of one of his pet projects.

The inscription on his tombstone in the old Jewish cemetery at Breslau, which characterizes him as "Denker und Kämpfer," sums up succinctly his rare combination of moral and intellectual qualities. He was a remarkably clear and acute thinker and an extremely energetic and quite irrepressible agitator, a scholar of large grasp and endowed with fine metaphysical faculties, and yet no pedant, but an eminently practical man of the world. With all his love of books and profound knowledge of them, there was in him no taint of the German *Stubengelehrte*, and no stagnant smell of Dryasdust in his always elegant garments. As a student of seventeen he devoted himself with enthusiasm to the study of Hegel's system of philosophy, and it may be regarded, perhaps, as a mark of youthful ardor and assurance that he claimed to understand it. He was fond of playing at bandy with the toughest problems of Hegelian dialectics over his beer-mug, and showed a skill in solving them that excited the astonishment and admiration of his fellow-worshippers at the shrine of Gambrinus.

It may have been his real or imaginary success in comprehending Hegel that led him to tackle Heraclitus, whom his countrymen surnamed the Obscure on account of the unintelligibleness of his teachings. Lassalle was a thorough Hegelian, and found in his master's method not only a key to the oracular and sententious utterances of the Ephesian philosopher, but also a passe-partout to every system

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of speculation and a pick-lock to all the mysteries of the universe. He regarded Heraclitus as an early predecessor and prototype of Hegel, and it must be confessed that there is a strong spiritual kinship between the ancient Greek and the modern German. Whatever may be said of Lassalle's point of view and of the correctness of his conceptions and interpretations, his book, 'Die Philosophie Herakleitos des Dunkeln von Ephesos,' was a brilliant intellectual achievement, which not only produced an immense sensation at the time of its publication, in 1858, but has remained to the present day a standard authority on the subject.

Lassalle was an exceedingly fascinating character, and seemed to cast a spell of enchantment over all who came within the sphere of his personal influence. He was on terms of intimate friendship with Alexander von Humboldt, the famous jurist Friedrich von Savigny, the distinguished Hellenist August Böckh, Varnhagen von Ense, Bismarck, Hans von Bülow, Heine, Freiligrath, Marx, Herwegh, Rodbertus, Wuttke, Garibaldi, Mazzini, and many other men of note. With most of these persons he carried on an active correspondence, the greater part of which has not yet been collected and published. The letters exchanged with Hans von Bülow appeared in 1885; but there must be a mass of unprinted material of this kind in existence which would be an invaluable contribution to contemporary history. He characterizes Von Bülow very justly as "a powder magazine always to be guarded against explosion," while Von Bülow speaks of him as the "Amphitryon of the future."

Lassalle foresaw with remarkable distinctness and definiteness the political drift and ultimate destiny of Germany. In 1859 he published a pamphlet, entitled 'The Italian War and the Mission of Prussia,' in which he urged Prussia to take advantage of the favorable circumstances to incorporate Schleswig-Holstein and to form a national union of the German States, with the exclusion of Austria, on a democratic basis of representation. He reverts to this plan repeatedly, as for example in his pamphlet, 'Fichte's Political Testament and the Most Recent Present' (1860), and in an address, 'The Philosophy of Fichte and the Significance of the German Popular Spirit,' delivered May 19, 1862, in which he declared "the constitution of a united Germany under the hegemony of Prussia" to be "the highest and most important mission of the time."

Bismarck held frequent political conferences with Lassalle, to whose opinions he evidently attached great weight, and it is impossible to determine with which of these men the measures now identified with the late Imperial Chancellor originated. It is certain that in the meagre records of their conversation which have been preserved, Lassalle appears as the leading spirit. But even admitting that the intellectual initiative rightly belongs to him, it is doubtful whether he would have had the iron energy and persistency necessary to carry these ideas into complete effect and embody them in permanent institutions. He was a brilliant, popular, and forensic orator, and would have made his mark in parliamentary debate, especially if he had had the good fortune to be in the Opposition; but it is questionable if he would ever have been a successful statesman. He was a friend of the working-classes and an honest advocate of social reform; but his aristocratic tastes and instincts, which he would not use the arts of the demagogue to conceal, often threw suspicion upon the sincerity of his democratic convictions. We may suspect that he would never have developed into a Socialist of the Liebknecht-Bebel type, and that, had he lived, he might have prevented this element from gaining its present ascendency.

Lassalle was both vain and foppish, priding himself immensely on his personal beauty, which he sought to render more effective by devotion to his wardrobe. Perhaps the greatest surprise of his life was that a plain Russian girl of nineteen, Sophie Soluzeff, should reject his suit and refuse his hand in marriage. Such conduct was utterly incomprehensible to him, and filled him with wonder like the sudden violation of a familiar law of nature. He was eloquent in his denunciations of duelling, but lacked the moral courage to put his own teachings on this subject into practice. As a boy of twelve he challenged to mortal combat one of his playmates, whom he regarded as a rival for the affections of a school-girl; and he lost his life in an affair of honor which grew out of his relations to Helene von Dönniges. He used to speak rather contemptuously of woman as a mere "episode"; but it was these episodes which made up the most stirring scenes in the drama of his life and turned it into tragedy.

Lassalle's enormous conceit crops out very comically at times, and in a manner utterly impossible to any one endowed in the slightest degree with a sense of humor. Thus, he says in a letter to Von Bülow: "I have written something that will make you almost die of laughter, although it is a mere trifle. I was just in the mood!" The reference is to his brochure against Julian Schmidt, a coarse diatribe which could only cause a judicious friend to grieve. Again, in his controversy with Schulze-Delitzsch, he exclaims: "I write every line that I write equipped with all the culture of my century"; and in another book he disposes of the same adversary in this style: "The moment I put this work to press, you may consider yourself dead; the moment it has found a few thousand readers, you may consider yourself buried."

Dr. Kohut's volume gives, in the main, a satisfactory sketch of Lassalle's brief and brilliant career, and a just estimate of his influence and achievements. It contains no new material, with the exception of half-a-dozen or more letters of the Countess Hatzfeldt, and unimportant communications from the Hungarian Gen. George Klapka and the Swiss Col. J. P. Becker, hitherto unprinted; but the old material has been woven together into a clear and consecutive narrative. The biographer professes to be "free from all partisanship and prepossession," and this is, for the most part, true. Nevertheless, his strong and pardonable prejudice against Helene von Döninges prevents him from giving due consideration to her published account of her 'Relations to Ferdinand Lassalle.' This fatal "episode" deserves a fuller and fairer treatment than it has yet received, since, apart from the romantic interest of the tragic story, it brings out in bold relief the strong and weak points of Lassalle's character.

Le Morte Darthur. By Syr Thomas Malory, faithfully reprinted from the original edition (1485) of William Caxton. Edited by H. Oskar Sommer, Ph.D. Vol. II., Introduction. London: David Nutt.

THE first volume of Dr. Sommer's reprint of Caxton's 'Morte Darthur' was duly noticed by us and cordially welcomed. It is a faithful reprint of Caxton's text, page for page, line for line, 861 pages, on heavy white paper, with ample margins—a royal volume. The apparatus of a complete critical edition was to have been given in a second volume; but Dr. Sommer found that it enlarged in the working up, and he has divided it for two volumes. The second volume, now published by David Nutt, contains the bibliographic and the linguistic apparatus; discussions of the sources and of the style are reserved for a third volume.

Many interesting facts are presented in the bibliographical part. Nothing is known about Sir Thomas Mallory except the mention of him in the 'Morte Darthur.' Dr. Sommer cannot ground the later references to him as a Welshman, or the hypothesis that he was a priest. The single perfect copy of Caxton's edition, which had been in the library of the Earl of Jersey at Osterley Park, was sold in May, 1885, for £1,950. The British Museum bid £1,800. "It is very much to be regretted," says Dr. Sommer, "that the English nation lost this splendid specimen of Caxton's printing, containing, as it does, the traditional history of their King Arthur, a national epic." It became the property of Mrs. Abby E. Pope of Brooklyn, N. Y., who seems to have been just as ready to give Dr. Sommer access to it as Earl Spencer or the authorities of the British Museum would have been.

Dr. Sommer explains his title-page. Caxton followed the MSS., which had no title-pages. Wynkyn de Worde introduced them after the death of his master. Wynkyn de Worde's 'Morte Darthur' of 1529 is the first text ever printed with illustrations throughout. "They are very coarsely executed woodcuts." This is the edition from which the later reprints have been derived, with two exceptions. The last of the black-letter editions, Stansby's. (1634), which has been copied in most of the modern reprints, is from East (1585), which is from Wynkyn de Worde (1529). The preface of Stansby informs the reader that the phraseology of the volume is corrected in many places, where King Arthur or some of his knights "swear prophane, and use superstitious speeches, all (or the most part) of which is either mended or quite left out"; "so that, as it is now, it may passe for a famous piece of antiquity, revived almost from the gulph of oblivion, and rescued for the pleasure and benefit of the present and future times." Many a good round oath from the mint of Shakspere has been lost for ever by King James's prohibition of profanity, but one can find Mallory's oaths intact in Dr. Sommer's Caxton. Dr. Sommer gives a few early references to 'Morte Darthur'; one, from Ascham's 'Schoolemaster' (1570), presents a Puritanic view of it, as one of the books "made in Monasteries by idle Monkes or wanton Chanons," the whole pleasure of which standeth "in open mansslaughter and bold bawdrye." And after specifying deeds of Sir Launcelot, Sir Tristram, and Sir Lameracke, the 'Schoolemaster' goes on: "This is good stuffe for wise men to laughe at, or honest men to take pleasure at. Yet I know when God's Bible was banisht the Court, and Morte Arthure received into the Princes Chamber." One might pass this as *schulmeisterisch;* but if Dr. Sommer had made later collections, he would have given us very much the same tone from Ben Jonson. "He had no Arthurs," says Jonson of young Lord Beaufort,

> "Abortives of the fabulous dark cloister,
> Sent out to poison Courts, and infest manners;
> But great Achilles', Agamemnon's acts,
> Sage Nestor's counsels, and Ulysses' sleights,
> Tydides' fortitude, as Homer wrought them
> In his immortal fancy, for examples
> Of the heroic virtue."

And even Shakspere sets *Hotspur* railing about "the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies, . . . and such a deal of skimble-skamble

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stuff." But perhaps Milton's favorite, "our sage, sericus Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas," will outweigh the whole theatre; and he knows no happier source than these romances to point a moral or adorn a tale.

On page 28 begin the notes on the language of 'Le Morte Darthur.' This book, composed in 1474, printed in 1485, belongs to the date of transition from Middle to Modern English. When examined by grammar rules drawn from Shakspere for Modern English, and Chaucer for Middle English, it seems to be very irregular and mixed. A grammar might be made from the 'Morte Darthur,' and taken as a standard, which would make the language of Chaucer or Shakspere irregular; but Dr. Sommer does not attempt that. He gives brief notes of the most characteristic examples of the orthography, phraseology, and syntax of his volume. The orthography he attributes to Caxton and his printers, believing that they did not follow Mallory's manuscript. The new printers were without standard. The manuscripts had variant spellings. Mastery of orthography seems to have been an ability to recognize, remember, and use all these different spellings. The more ways a man could spell a word the better speller he was. The modern English *means* is spelt *menes, meane, moyne, moyan, moyane; realm* is spelt *reame, royame, reaume, royalme, realme, royaume;* and so they go. The proper names exhibit greater variety than the common names, so that readers generally do not recognize their identity, but multiply the characters, making the scene swarm with heroes as the sky with stars; and the best of the editors heretofore often duplicates or triplicates the real characters. The different spellings of Gromere Gumorson furnish Sir Edward Strachey, editor of the Globe edition, with three heroes for one, those of Gratian three more, those of Pertilope or Pertolepe two more, and so on.

There are nine pages of notes on the phraseology and syntax. A note refers us to a forthcoming work by Dr. L. Kellner, in which there is an elaborate study of Caxton's syntax, "a most valuable contribution to the study of the English tongue." A list of various readings between Caxton's edition and Wynkyn de Worde's of 1529 is given, about 10,000 in number. Then comes a list of names and places, "the first complete and critical Index to 'Le Morte Darthur' ever compiled." There are nearly 1,000 names in the text. With each name references are given to the passages in which it occurs, and the gist of what is said in them, so that we have an authoritative biography of the person or facts about the place, very interesting and convenient for reference.

Next comes a glossary of 46 double-column pages, the first ever compiled to 'Le Morte Darthur.' Dr. Sommer is preparing a Caxton Dictionary for all the works printed by Caxton, and he uses his general material pretty freely in this glossary, so that it is in effect a small etymological dictionary. He gives the different spellings that occur in the text, and precise references. There are very few words that are wholly unknown to the general reader, but the various spellings and novel shades of meaning are very often enlightening for the history of the word, and make the glossary a treasury of facts such as the student of language delights in.

The third volume, to contain Dr. Sommer's discussion of the sources of Mallory's tale and a treatise on his style by Mr. Andrew Lang, is being actively pushed forward. It will be looked for with lively interest.

A Manual of Anatomy for senior students. By Edmund Owen, M.B., F.R.C.S. Longmans, Green & Co. 1890.

MR. OWEN has undertaken a difficult task—more difficult, perhaps, than he realized, notwithstanding his combined service as practising surgeon and anatomical teacher, viz., to furnish the senior student, emancipated from the dissecting-room, with a "volume which shall supply him with such anatomical information, free of wearying detail, as is essential for his successful and intelligent work in the medical and surgical wards and in the special departments of his hospital." To present within the compass of a volume of convenient size the "whole range of anatomy" in its medical and surgical relations, including a considerable number of operative procedures, would appear to most persons impossible, and we cannot but think the author would have done well to follow the example of Harrison Allen (whose comprehensive treatise he does not mention), since the indispensable brevity is commonly attained at the loss of adequate explicitness. For example, ligation of the innominate artery is well characterized as a "desperate operation," yet it is disposed of within half a page.

Owen's style is commonly direct and clear, although the occurrence of the following sentences in consecutive paragraphs is confusing, to say the least:

"Broca showed that the motor centres for speech are in the region of the left island of Reil." . . . "Broca showed that in aphasia [*resulting from paralysis of the motor centres of speech*] there is some serious disturbance with the third left frontal convolution near the island of Reil."

The prevailing gravity is relieved by occasional paragraphs like the following:

"When the central nervous system is upset, not only may digestion be impaired or lost, but jaundice may occur; as an example of this, reference may be made to the brief clinical report of the lady in 'Twelfth Night,' who, concealing her too great love, pined in thought, and was, in consequence, overcome by a 'green and yellow melancholy.'"

"One of the greatest living sculptors affirms that the two sides of the head and face are never symmetrical—unless in the case of professional beauties and of others of a like intellectual capacity."

The following deserves consideration from directors of college gymnasiums:

"The left ventricle is dilated and hypertrofied when, Sisyphus-like, it is struggling to force upwards its contents which are ever rolling backwards through an incompetent aortic valve; but these conditions sometimes occur independently of valvular disease, as in the case of athletes and others who are suddenly called upon for violent exertion."

The paragraph, beginning, rather startlingly, "*Cut-throat,*" enumerates as liable to severance so many parts with formidable names that the would-be self-destroyer might well hesitate before doing violence to them:

"The man who draws a razor across his throat with suicidal intent, being probably right-handed, gashes the left side. If the brunt of the shock is received by the thyroid cartilage [projecting part of the "Adam's apple"], as often happens, no serious harm may ensue. But if he happen to hit off the thyro-hyoid space, there is little to hinder the progress of the blade. Thus, in addition to the skin, platysma, anterior jugular vein, cutaneous nerves, and deep fascia, the anterior part of the sterno-mastoid may be traversed, and, more deeply, the external carotid, or its superior thyroid or lingual branch, and the corresponding vein. The sterno-hyoid, omo-hyoid, and the thyro-hyoid muscle and membrane, and the superior laryngeal nerve might also be cut, and possibly the incision might pass into the pharynx, wounding also the epiglottis."

In a strictly medical review, the caution near the top of page 419 might well be transcribed for the benefit of some "brilliant" young operators, who would perhaps be encouraged to gentleness also by an occasional change of place with their patients.

There are about two hundred illustrations, unnumbered, frequently undescribed, and varying greatly in excellence. A few are credited to their sources (among them the preposterous representation of the cerebral convolutions that disfigures the later editions of "Gray"); there is no way of determining how many are original, although certain very inelegant diagrams may be presumed to be such. The introduction of the simple instruments on pp. 114, 393, and 414 is not easily explained. Many of the illustrations fail of their highest usefulness by reason of malposition with regard to each other. What architect would represent an "exterior" with the front of the house at the right, and a corresponding "interior" with the front at the left? What geographer would give an outline of the Isthmus of Panama as if the observer occupied the usual position at the south, and an enlargement of a small portion thereof as if the observer were at the north? Yet in the present volume on one page a skull faces to the right, and on the opposite page a brain faces to the left; the admirable figure on page 413 loses much of its value from the fact of its needless and almost fatuous reversal of position as compared with the more comprehensive view on page 385.

The terms employed are for the most part familiar and of moderate length; in several cases there is a commendable, though perhaps unconscious, reduction of polyonyms to mononyms, *e. g.*, of *pons Varolii* to *pons*, of *dura mater* to *dura*, and of *platysma myoides* to *platysma;* but there are also several examples of the common anatomical fault for which the term "cœcilonymy" has been proposed, viz., the employment of two or more names for one and the same part otherwise than expressly as synonyms; surely the student's apprehension is not facilitated by the indiscriminate use of *tract, column,* and *fasciculus,* of *vagus* and *pneumogastric,* of *brain* and *encephalon,* of *central fissure* and *fissure of Rolando.*

There is no table of contents or list of figures, but the index is quite complete; most, however, would look for *appendix* or *vermiform appendix* rather than for *vermiform process,* which alone occurs in the text as well as in the index.

History of New South Wales. Vol I. By G. B. Barton. London: Trübner & Co.

United Australia. Sydney: Government Printer.

IN 1888 the colony of New South Wales completed the first hundred years of its existence, and the Government determined to commemorate the event by preparing a history of this period, based on the public records, and selected Mr. Barton to take charge of the work. He has begun his task in a creditable manner, and although, from the nature of the case, this first instalment is somewhat voluminous, it is nevertheless decidedly interesting.

The evidence as to the first discovery of the great continent, known in the sixteenth century as *Terra Australis,* is clouded with many a doubt, and will always remain so. The Dutch christened the land New Holland, after their usual custom in such cases, and the name Australia seems to have been first used by that geographical churchman Richard Hakluyt, in a memorandum published, with others of his posthumous papers, in Dr. Purchas's 'Pil-

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grimes' in the year 1625. What is certain is, that very little was known about the country till towards the end of the last century, and even in Capt. Cook's day it was supposed that Van Diemen's Land was not separated from the mainland. It was in 1770 that Cook sailed into Botany Bay, and he brought back to England a favorable account of the apparent fertility of its shores, while his companion, Mr. (afterwards Sir Joseph) Banks, was even more strongly impressed, and for years thereafter incessantly urged the British Government to occupy the territory. In fact, it is largely to his sagacious persistency that England owes her Australian colonies.

Soon after peace had been declared with the United States in 1783, the loyalists who had abandoned or been driven from their homes, began to press upon Parliament their claims for damages, and a plan was drawn up by one James M. Matra, and approved by Sir Joseph Banks, for the establishment of some of these sufferers at Botany Bay. If his proposal had been adopted, the colony of New South Wales would have been a great gainer, and Canada would have lost a number of excellent colonists, whose descendants may be found to-day in almost every town and settlement of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia; but public opinion at the time was not favorable to colonizing experiments at Government expense. What finally turned the scale in Banks's favor was the crowded condition of the prisons, the unfortunate inmates of which could no longer be turned over to the tender mercies of Virginia planters, and it was owing to this state of things that in May, 1787, the "first fleet" set sail with some 750 convicts and a military escort, the whole under the command of Capt. Phillip, who was commissioned as the first Governor of New South Wales. This fleet arrived at Botany Bay in January, 1788, and shortly afterwards Phillip discovered the magnificent harbor of Port Jackson, a few miles to the northward, and the colonists were finally landed there and laid the foundations of the present city of Sydney.

More convicts followed this first batch almost every year until 1841, by which time the total number transported had reached 83,000; but in 1792 the British Government consented to send out free settlers, and allowed them to contract for the labor of the convicts as the Virginia planters had done, so that after that year there was a small leaven of presumably honest colonists. The convicts, however, formed a large majority, and it is encouraging to those who are dreading the effect of immigration on this country to learn that the descendants of these unpromising colonists are, in defiance of the doctrine of heredity, now held up to us as examples of law-abiding citizens and pure politicians. It should be remembered, however, that until 1827 there were in England more than 150 offences punishable by hanging or transportation, among them such heinous crimes as "destroying a tree, plant, or shrub in a garden," so that it may well be that the earlier convicts were superior to the criminal classes of to-day.

In spite of such discouragement as resulted from the character of the people under him, Gov. Phillip was an enthusiast in regard to the future of the colony, and he wrote in one of his earliest despatches: "Nor do I doubt that this country will prove the most valuable acquisition Great Britain ever made." The "most valuable acquisition" came very near slipping through his fingers, however, for the French, under La Pérouse, reached Botany Bay a few days after he had landed, and, finding the ground already occupied, sailed away, much to his satisfaction. Nowadays the occupation of any barren rock in the Pacific may endanger the peace of Europe, but at that time very little attention was paid to the new colony, and Mr. Barton states that the 'Annual Register' for 1789 devotes more space to the "much-talked-of fight between Perrins of Birmingham and Johnson of London" than to Phillip's despatches. One observer, indeed, there was who was deeply stirred by the news of the founding of the colony. Dr. Erasmus Darwin, the worthy grandfather of an illustrious grandson, wrote some verses on the occasion, entitled "Visit of Hope to Sydney Cove," in which he drew a prophetic picture of the great city that now covers the beautiful shores of Port Jackson. In this case, at least, he was not what Byron called him in the 'English Bards,' "a mighty master of unmeaning rhyme." In fact, he seems to have possessed the gift of prophecy in rare measure, for in the 'Botanic Garden,' published in 1791, he wrote the remarkable lines:

> "Soon shall thy arm, unconquered s'eam! afar
> Drag the slow barge or drive the rapid car."

For some years the young colony was in serious danger of starvation, owing to the non-arrival of supplies from England. Very few of the convicts happened to be farmers, and consequently their efforts at cultivation were not crowned with success, while the difficulty of penetrating the brush delayed the discovery of the splendid farming lands further in the interior. Most of the cattle which had been brought in the ships strayed away in 1788, and were supposed to have been killed and eaten by the natives, but they were found in 1795, when they had multiplied into a great herd, in the rich pastures along the Nepean River at a considerable distance from the coast. In Phillip's time the country a hundred miles from the coast was as little known as is the vast interior of the continent to-day; but he set a good example to later explorers, and, as the increasing population stimulates the demand for farming land, railways are being built into what was considered an uninhabitable wilderness, and irrigation is changing the face of nature.

It is a long step from Gov. Phillip's struggles to provide food for his people to Sir Henry Parke's despatch of October, 1889, in which he invites the Prime Minister of Victoria to join New South Wales in a scheme of Australian Federation. In a volume entitled 'United Australia,' the Government of New South Wales has collected the comments of the English press on the proposal. While the writers differ widely, the majority seem to regard this as the first step towards the "manifest destiny" of Australia—that is, a united government independent of the mother country in all but name. Not a few, however, still cling to the dream of Imperial Federation, and find in this proposal some encouragement of their hopes.

The Life of Carmen Sylva, Queen of Rumania. Translated from the German. By Baroness Deichmann. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1890.

THE literary talent of "Carmen Sylva," born the Princess Elizabeth of Wied in 1843, may fairly be reckoned a gift of inheritance. The family of Wied has been distinguished throughout this century by an intellectual and scientific strain. Prince Maximilian, the author of an extensive account of a journey in the United States, particularly among the Mandan and other Indian tribes, and the gatherer of the Prince Hermann of Wied collection now in this country, was her great-uncle. Her father, Prince Hermann, wrote some volumes of half-mystical, half-rationalistic philosophy on the nature of the soul, which sufficiently attest a real interest and concern in the higher phases of mental culture. The home in which the future Queen of Rumania grew up was thus one where literature was a tradition, and it possessed other advantages—a beautiful situation on the Rhine, the quiet solitude of the country, and the neighborhood of the villagers, with their sick and poor to be cared for by the benevolence of the castle. The narrative in this biography of the girlhood of the Princess is in certain ways the more attractive portion of the work. The child was brought up and educated under her mother's charge, instructed in the ancient and modern languages, and early developed a taste for original composition in prose and rhyme. She is described as having been passionate, reserved, and independent, and evidently led a life of much mental excitement; but she also learned early the lessons of sympathy and helpfulness to others, and formed the habit of conscientiousness which has made her life laboricus and useful. The illness of her brother, Prince Otto, a year and a half her junior, who was born with a painful organic disorder, from which he suffered until his death in his seventeenth year, is a pathetic incident in the story; and between his mother's devotion and his own sweet and gentle nature, this experience must have counted for much in forming the character of so sensitive a person as Elizabeth. The glimpses of this domestic life, which are given in a few extracts from her father's and her own letters, afford the pleasantest impression of the members of the family and of the habits and character of their ordinary days. They lived usually at Neuwied and Monrepos, though from time to time they sojourned at Paris or other places for health or pleasure.

After the death of her brother Otto in 1862, Elizabeth was more especially taken charge of by the Grand Duchess Helen of Russia, a near relative, under whom in the following year she made acquaintance with the world of sociciety at St. Petersburg, and with whom for five years she travelled, with intervals of returning home, in Russia, Austria, Italy, and in the usual resorts of fashion. Her father had died in 1864, when she was twenty-one, and now in 1868 she had shown no disposition to marry. With the sense of duty which characterized her, she wished to become a teacher. Her mother insisted that she should "follow a strict course of study and pass her examination as a teacher before her plan could be practically carried out." She meant to found a school, and apparently no discouragement other than this requirement had been put in her way. While these schemes occupied her mind, Prince Charles of Rumania asked her hand. She was intimately acquainted with his sisters, and the two families were old friends, but there is great naïveté in her sudden answer to her mother, who made the unexpected announcement and asked her if she did not wish time to consider. "No," she said, "he had better come at once; I know I shall love him much." It is to be said that she had had some hours' conversation with him that day during what she supposed was a chance encounter at Cologne. They were immediately married and went to Rumania.

Her life in Rumania is a story of benevolent and literary activity. A good deal of court ceremonial glitters in the pages, but this belongs mainly to great occasions, her welcome, the coronation of the two as King and Queen in 1877, the rejoicings over the return of the

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army, and similar festivities. She led a working life, except for the illness which from time to time interrupted her labors. She threw herself with enthusiasm into her new sphere, learned the language with her usual facility in that sort of acquirement, and set to work founding societies, especially to help the poor and to encourage women's handicrafts. She took an orphanage already founded under her special protection, started schools of embroidery, associations to give rough sewing for poor women, which have proved very successful, and to encourage all branches of native industry, particularly weaving, a home for nursing sisters, soup-kitchens, and many other similar enterprises. She won the hearts of the people especially by her efforts to care for the wounded in the war, by providing hospitals, and constantly attended at the side of the sick soldiers. She followed these pursuits with more energy after the death of her only child, a daughter, in her fourth year, which was her most serious sorrow.

With all this she continued to cultivate her literary gifts, which latterly brought her fame as "Carmen Sylva." She always had the habit of writing verses, but it did not become a serious pursuit until after her mature life began and her faculties had been stimulated by studies in Rumanian literature, and encouraged by the intellectual and literary society which gathered about her at Bucharest and at Sinaia, her country retreat. Her works consist of original and translated verse in German, novels written partly in collaboration with another, a little collection of 'Pensées' in French, and some few poems in the latter language. The quantity of her production has been remarkable in view of the other occupations of her life. The routine of her day is described in a passage too long for quotation. She "rises at five" and works until eight, and only three hours are reserved for herself. Receptions began at ten and often lasted until seven, since she lived with open doors to any who wished to see her. Sometimes there was reading and often, apparently, work, as she "likes to be surrounded by many workers." To her husband she was always unoccupied: "he must never notice," she says, "that I am at work. When he calls or I hear his footsteps, pen and paint-brush are thrown away till he does not want me any more. . . . I think that I am first a wife, then the mother of my country, and then a poetess." This was at Bucharest in 1884. The same impression of constant employment and blending of duties with intellectual pleasures pervades the volume. Many pretty scenes could be chosen to give a taste of the variety and frequent picturesqueness of this life, but none more characteristic than the following little description of her visit to the Church of Curtea de Arges, for which she had illuminated a Book of the Twelve Gospels of the Passion, in memory of her child:

"When I went to fetch my Book of the Gospels I found the church full of the common people. The Bishop carried it out and placed himself before the door of the church with it. I turned over the pages for the people, who kissed my shoulders, arms, and hands, and, crossing themselves, blessed me and kissed the book. Women, children, and soldiers all crowded around us in the wonderful church-door. Add to this the sunset, which tinted the distant mountains violet and pink, the nearer hills golden."

The German purity of the opening chapters blends with the Rumanian color at the end, and there is, throughout, the charm of a high ideal of aristocratic life in the best sense. Passages of her poetry, which are most intimately expressive of her emotions in the different places and under the different trials of her life, add a certain natural and affecting element; and the whole story is presented with that effect, experienced in the biographies of poets below the first, which leads men to say of them that the true poem is the life.

Things Japanese: being notes on various subjects connected with Japan, by Basil Hall Chamberlain. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

THE value of a work like this, which is an encyclopædia of old and new Japan, depends upon the reputation of the compiler as an authority upon the subjects of which he treats. In this case the qualifications of the author—we may say, rather than compiler—are ample. Prof. Chamberlain is a kinsman (grand-nephew, we believe) of Capt. Basil Hall, who interested Englishmen, and Americans even more, by his writings on far Oriental travel and on American life and customs. Mr. Chamberlain spent most of his youth and early manhood in southern Europe, and soon learned how languages were made, dissected, and mastered. Coming to Japan, after Satow, Aston, and Hepburn had constructed the linguistic apparatus so time-saving to Europeans, Mr. Chamberlain became so thorough a master of Japanese that the native authorities of the University appointed him professor of Japanese and philology. Besides his various linguistic handbooks in both languages, he has shown his literary taste and capacity in his translation of the Kojiki, or oldest scriptures of Japan, his 'Classical Poetry of the Japanese,' and his comparison of the Aino and Japanese geographical nomenclature. His critical powers are of a high order, and he spares with his wit neither the ultra-sentimental admirer of things Japanese, nor the natives who wish to abolish their past by edict. He shows that "all the causes which produced the Old Japan of our dreams have vanished." It was "like an oyster, the opening of which killed it." "Feudalism is gone, isolation has gone, beliefs have been shattered, new idols have been set up, new and pressing needs have arisen. In the place of chivalry there is industrialism, in the place of a small coterie of aristocratic native connoisseurs there is a huge and hugely ignorant foreign public to satisfy. All the causes have changed, and yet it is expected that the effects will remain as heretofore."

Reckoning with the fact that Old Japan is dead, and considering that the only decent thing to do with the corpse is to bury it, Prof. Chamberlain sends forth his little book as an epitaph recording the many and extraordinary virtues of the deceased—his virtues, but also his frailties. For, quite contrary to the usual epitaphist, the author shows where the sinner as well as the saint is buried. With kindness and criticism that make true appreciation, he calls things by their right names and speaks his mind freely. He shows that in their language and literature the Japanese are without the spark of genius; that their intellectual debt to China is enormous; that even in their poetry, of which they are so proud, there is little thought that can be transferred to a foreign language and bear comparison with the world's best literature. Yet wherever there is an art, a custom, an idea, a product beautiful or worth perpetuating, the author points out its merits and pleads for its life. As yet, "the Japanese have no appreciation of our literature. They esteem us whimsical for attaching so much importance as we do to poetry, to music, to religion, to speculative disquisitions. Our material greatness has completely dazzled them, as well it might." Our wonder-world of irresistible genii and magicians in the arts and instruments of war and peace is as marvellous to the Japanese as Old Japan can ever be to us.

Beginning with a preface in which thirteen collaborators are named, a colored map, and a capital introductory chapter, the author gives us nearly four hundred pages of choicest information on the very subjects about which intelligent persons in or out of Japan desire to have knowledge. Almost all of the articles have been written by Prof. Chamberlain himself, and the smoothness and compact fulness of the text reveal to the student in the same field that repeated interviews, questions, and examinations must in divers instances have been necessary before the shapely sentences were wrought. With most of the articles are given lists of books recommended, or papers in periodicals which treat further of the themes. In addition to these bibliographical notes *passim*, there is an article of seven pages of books on Japan, in which Dr. Rein's are very properly put first, a certain American work second, and Hildreth's (though written in the Boston Athenæum Library nearly thirty-two years ago), is fifth on the list. As to the history of Japan, this student and searcher of native script and tradition and of all foreign writing can find nothing to recommend. Even the Germans, Kaempfer, Siebold, and Rein, he criticises for lack of critical faculty, and believes, what all students are coming slowly to believe, that all Japanese history must be reconstructed. The line of Mikados, "unbroken from ages eternal," may then be thankful if they can find standing-room for any known ancestors prior to the third century of our era.

We have only to name titles to show the value and comprehensiveness of the work. By a rough count we find about one hundred and forty articles, but by the cross-references of the excellent index we discover nearly eight hundred allusions or side lights upon these themes. The subjects most fully treated are Ainos, amusements, architecture, art, Buddhism, climate, demoniacal possession (by fox, badger, etc.), dress, education, esotericism, flowers, geography, history and mythology, interviewing Japanese people, lacquer, language, law, literature, marriage, missions, mourning, music, names, newspapers, poetry, porcelain and pottery (twenty pages), printing, proverbs, race, Shinto, tea, theatre, time, Tokyo, trade, woman, writing, zoölogy. In general the topics relating to Old Japan have the briefer treatment, while those which embrace both the new and old are set forth at greater length. The defects of the book are seen in the line of American contact with Japan. While to Perry are given two pages—with genuine British interpretation and comment—Townsend Harris is not mentioned, even in the index. In the chapters on railways and telegraphs, not a hint is given of the object-lesson on telegraphy and railroading given by Perry at Yokohoma in 1854, nor of the American railway equipment in Yezo.

The book is well printed, and the proof-reading has been so well done that slips of the pen and printer's errors are extremely rare. The work forms a welcome addition to the list of the author's fruits of scholarship which have already appeared in both English and Japanese.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Austin, A. English Lyrics. Macmillan & Co. $1.25.
Bain, F. W. Dmitri: A Romance of Old Russia. D. Appleton & Co.

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Boldrewood, R. The Squatter's Dream: A Story of Australian Life. Macmillan & Co. $1.25.
Carter, J. H. Thomas Rutherton. New York: H. C. Nixon.
Cunningham, Sir H. S. The Heriots. Macmillan & Co. $1.25.
Debans, C. Catherine's Coquetries: A Tale of French Country Life. Worthington Co.
Kennedy, J. A Stem Dictionary of the English Language, for Use in Elementary Schools. A. S. Barnes & Co.
Kipling, R. Plain Tales from the Hills. 3d ed. Macmillan & Co. $1.50.
Kipling, R. The Courting of Dinah Shadd, and Other Stories. Harper & Bros. 30 cents.
Linton, Mrs. E. L. Sowing the Wind. Harper & Bros. 25 cents.
Masson, Prof. D. Collected Writings of Thomas De Quincey. Vol. X. Literary Theory and Criticism. Macmillan & Co. $1.25.
Ransome, Prof. C. Short Studies of Shakspere's Plots. Macmillan & Co. $1.
Ryan, Marah E. In Love's Domains: A Trilogy. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.
Schubin, O. "Oh Thou, My Austria!" Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.
St. Johnston, A. A South-Sea Lover. Macmillan & Co. $1.25.
Stock, St. George. Cicero pro Roscio. Part I. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan. 90 cents.
Waters, R. Life of William Cobbett. 3d ed. Worthington Co.
White, Prof. H. S. Selections from Heine's Poems. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Younghusband, Capt. G. J. Frays and Forays. London: Percival & Co.
Zubof, R. I. Viera. The American News Co. 50 cents.

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